



No. 80

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION!
BOY COMMANDOS



Detective COMICS

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*Because the War Production Board has ordered all publishers to use 10% less paper than in 1942, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterlies; ALL-AMERICAN COMICS will be published only eight times and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice in 1943.

GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK,
Director of Children's Reading,
CHILD STUDY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

CHICO OF THE ANDES

By Christine Von Hagen

Illustrated by Zhenya Gay

High in the Andes Mountains in Ecuador the boy, Chico, lived with the Old Man he had always thought was his grandfather. One night Chico overheard a conversation not intended for his ears and learned that he had been found as a baby on the mountain and brought to the Old Man, who had cared for him these many years. From that moment on Chico had but one purpose—to go in search of his own people.

Braving the terrors of mist and storm on the Paramos, Chico set out alone to go to the spot where he was found and see if any clue to his parentage might be there. It was Chico's pet bear, Chan, who dug up the weather-stained prayer book that later led Chico to leave the hut that had sheltered him on the mountain side, and go to the city on his quest.

The story tells many interesting things about the life and customs of Ecuador. But the most important thing, of course, was that Chico discovered the story of his parents, now dead, and found to his great joy that the Old Man whom he loved so dearly was really his own grandfather.

This is a new book that gives you a fine story as well as a wonderful picture of our South American neighbor countries. Ask your librarian for it.

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Pluto No. 8)

GWCZ JWVLA IVL ABIUXA NWZOM BPM
JWVLA WN ABMMT BPIB EQTT ABIUX WCB BPM
RIXIVHQA.

SUPERMAN,

c/o ACTION COMICS,

480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C.

OCT.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMAN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Button and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....

BATMAN

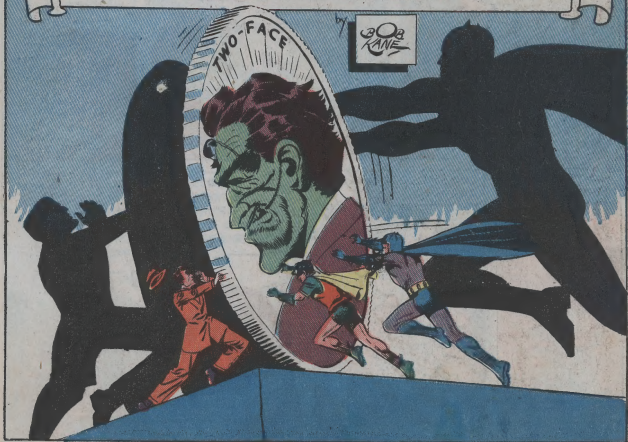
WITH
ROBIN

HARVEY KENT WAS ONCE A HANDSOME DISTRICT ATTORNEY ... UNTIL A VENGEFUL RACKETEER SCARRED ONE SIDE OF HIS FACE WITH ACID ! SHUNNED, BITTER, KENT BECAME A LIVING JEKYLL - HYDE ... ONE SIDE HANDSOME, GOOD THE OTHER SIDE, UGLY, CRIMINAL !

HE BECAME -- TWO-FACE !

THEN FOLLOWED THE NOW-FAMED CLASHES WITH BATMAN AND ROBIN, AND FINALLY, HIS IMPRISONMENT ! AND NOW WE BRING THE STORY OF TWO-FACE TO ITS INEVITABLE CLIMAX ... FOR THE FATE THAT CREATED HIM NOW UNDOES THE DAMAGE... TO BRING ABOUT...

"THE END OF TWO-FACE !"





THE ESCAPE CARRIES PARTICULAR SIGNIFICANCE IN THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE... IN REALITY-- THE **BATMAN**!

GOLLY, BRUCE, THIS IS TERRIBLE!

YES, DICK, TERRIBLE AND TRAGIC! TERRIBLE THAT AN EX-DISTRICT ATTORNEY IS A HUNTED CRIMINAL... TRAGIC, BECAUSE SOMEHOW HE ISN'T TO BLAME!



BECAUSE OF HIS FACE, KENT THINKS EVERYBODY SHUNS HIM... EVEN HIS GIRL, GILDA! HE'S BITTER AT EVERYTHING NORMAL, AND FINDS REFUGE IN THINGS ABNORMAL... LIKE CRIME!



MEANWHILE... TWO-FACE HAS LOST NO TIME IN CREATING A NEW CRIME COMBINE!

MEN, SEE THIS TWO-HEADED COIN? NOTE HOW MUCH IT IS LIKE ME WITH ITS TWO FACES... ONE SIDE UGLY... SCARRED, EVIL...



AND THE OTHER SIDE CLEAN, HAND-- SOME, GOOD! THE FACES OF THIS COIN INDICATE OUR TYPE OF JOBS... AS DIFFERENT AS NIGHT AND DAY, THEY WILL BE EVIL OR GOOD!



TWO-FACE FLIPS AGAINST FATE!



AND THE SPINNING COIN DROPS FACE UP!



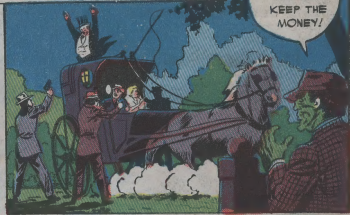
THE **GOOD** SIDE WINS! OUR FIRST JOB WILL BE DURING THE DAY, AND BECAUSE ALL MY CRIMES ARE BASED ON MY PERSONAL SYMBOL... **TWO**... WE WILL LOOT THE **TWO-STORY** HOUSE OF A CERTAIN RICH BANKER!



AND SO, TWO-FACE LEADS HIS JACKAL PACK ON A DAYTIME RAID... AND LATER THAT SAME DAY, A CHARITY HOME RECEIVES A SURPRISING DONATION!



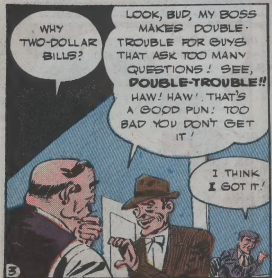
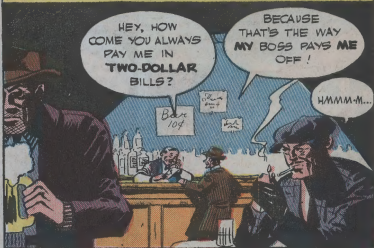
ONCE AGAIN THE COIN SPINS HIGH! OCCUPANTS OF **TWO-WHEELER** HANSON CABS ARE ROBBED... AT NIGHT... FOR **EVIL** HAS WON!



AND WHILE TWO-FACE'S CRIME COUPS MOCK THE LAW, ELSEWHERE...



THE DISGUISED **BATMAN** TOURS CRIMINAL HAUNTS, BUT WITHOUT SUCCESS... UNTIL HE OVERHEARS...

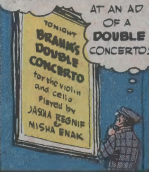


SOMETIME LATER... THE SMIRKING THUG STANDS BEFORE AN IMPOSING BUILDING AND LAUGHS TO HIMSELF... WELL, NOT QUITE TO HIMSELF!



WHEN HE AMBLES AWAY...

HMM-M! GETS PAID WITH **TWO-DOLLAR** BILLS... AND MAKES A PUN ABOUT **DOUBLE- TROUBLE**.. AND LAUGHS



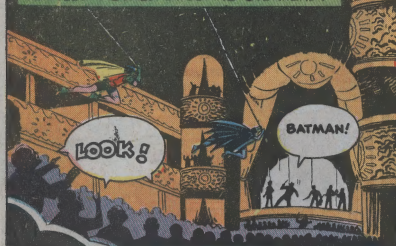
THAT NIGHT... IN THE GREAT MUSIC CENTER, THERE ARE TWO PERSONS WHOSE THOUGHTS ARE DEFINITELY **NOT** ON MUSIC...

YOU REALLY THINK TWO-FACE WILL SHOW UP?

THIS IS A **DOUBLE CONCERTO!** DOWN BELOW IS AN AUDIENCE SPILLING OVER WITH FURS AND JEWELS! IF THOSE TWO FACTS DON'T ADD UP TO **TWO-FACE**, I'LL HIDE MY FACE IN SHAME!



THEN... ALL EYES TURN UP TO FOCUS ON TWO MANTLED FIGURES SWOOPING OVERHEAD!

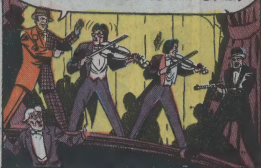


LOOK!

BATMAN!

ABRUPTLY, COMES SWIFT CONFIRMATION OF BRUCE'S ADDITION-- **TWO-FACE!**

HOLD IT! UNLESS YOU ALL COOPERATE QUICKLY AND QUIETLY YOU'RE GOING TO HEAR A CONCERTO OF TOMMY-GUNS!

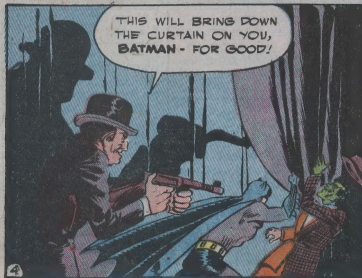


YOU DEVIL! HOW COULD YOU POSSIBLY KNOW I'D BE HERE?



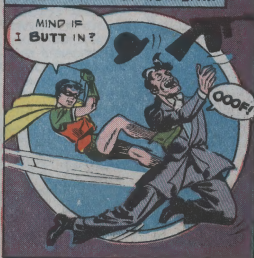
IT WAS JUST A MATTER OF SIMPLE ARITHMETIC!

THIS WILL BRING DOWN THE CURTAIN ON YOU, **BATMAN** - FOR GOOD!



ENTER... THE BOY WONDER...

MIND IF I BUTT IN?



OOOF!

CORNERED, TWO-FACE HURLS A CAPSULE TO THE STAGE AND...



ALL RIGHT, MEN!
LET'S GET GOING!
C'MON!

WHAT...?!

SMOKE
SCREEN!

WHEN THE SMOKE FINALLY DISSIPATES...



HE'S
GONE!.

LOOK!
THE WATCHMAN!
TIED UP! THAT'S HOW
THEY GOT ON-
STAGE!



THANKS!
THESE ROPES
WERE TIGHT!

UHM-MM!

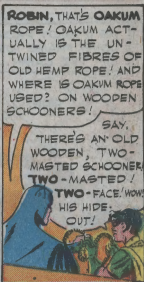
BATMAN,
WHAT'S UP?



THAT ROPE!
YOU'VE FOUND
SOMETHING!

RIGHT!
I'VE FOUND
A CLUE THAT
MAY LEAD
US TO
TWO-FACE!
LET'S GET
TO THE
BATMOBILE!
HURRY!

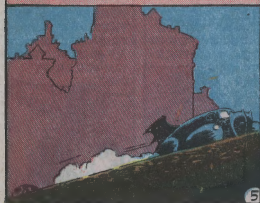
AS THE TWO RACE AWAY, A SHAD-
OWY FIGURE WATCHES FROM THE
WINGS! BUT WHO IS IT?



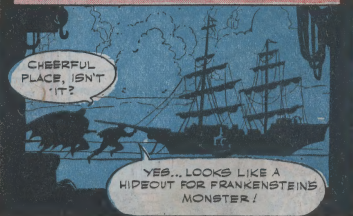
ROBIN, THAT'S OAKUM
ROPE! OAKUM ACTU-
ALLY IS THE UN-
TWINED FIBRES OF
OLD HEMP ROPE! AND
WHERE IS OAKUM ROPE
USED? ON WOODEN
SCHOONERS!

SAY,
THERE'S AN OLD
WOODEN, TWO-
MASTED SCHOONER.
TWO-MASTED!
TWO-FACE! WOW!
HIS HIDE-
OUT!

THE **BATMOBILE** RACES THROUGH
DIMMED OUT STREETS... BUT ALL
THE WHILE, ANOTHER CAR IS FOLLOW-
ING! THE CAR OF THE MYSTERIOUS
STRANGER!



THE WATERFRONT! WHERE THE DIM HULK OF AN
ANCIENT SAILING VESSEL CREAKS MOURN-
FULLY AS IT RIDES AT ANCHOR!



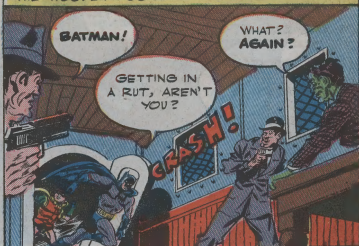
CHEERFUL
PLACE, ISN'T
IT?

YES... LOOKS LIKE A
HIDEOUT FOR FRANKENSTEIN'S
MONSTER!

LISTEN CLOSELY! I'VE GOT
A NEW JOB ALL LINED UP!
IT SHOULD BE EASY
FOR US!



**CRASH! TWO SLAMMING BODIES SPLINTER
THE WOODEN DOOR!**



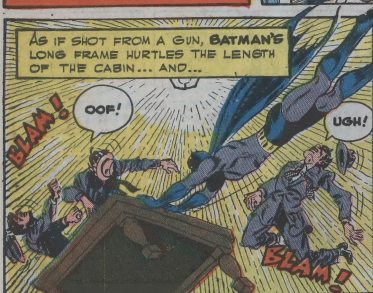
BATMAN!

WHAT?
AGAIN?

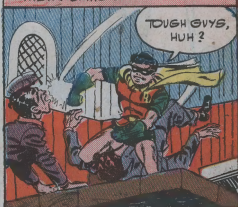
GETTING IN
A RUT, AREN'T
YOU?

CRASH!

AS IF SHOT FROM A GUN, **BATMAN'S**
LONG FRAME HURTTLES THE LENGTH
OF THE CABIN... AND...



LIKE A SCRAPPING TOMCAT,
ROBIN POUNCES UPON THE
TANGLED THUGS, HIS HARD
FISTS SWINGING AGAINST
THEIR JAWS!



**THE PUNCH-SICK HOODLUMS STAMPEDE
THROUGH THE DOOR!**



**BUT WHAT OF BATMAN
AND TWO-FACE?**

KENT, PUT AWAY YOUR GUN!
I'M HERE TO HELP YOU!
I'M STILL YOUR FRIEND!

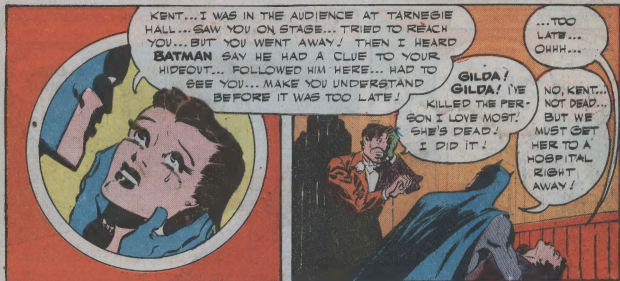
"FRIEND"... HAH! I HAVE
NO FRIENDS! MY FRIENDS
CAN'T LOOK AT MY FACE!
NOT EVEN MY
SWEETHEART,
GILDA!



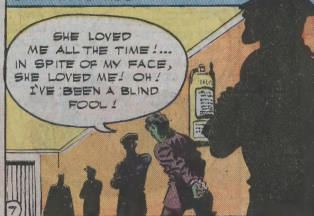
I'M A FREAK, NOW...
A MONSTER! SO I
SEEK THE COMPANY
OF OTHER MONSTERS...
CRIMINALS, MUR-
DERERS, THIEVES!
**THEY ARE MY
FRIENDS...AND YOU
MY ENEMY...THAT'S
WHY YOU MUST
DIE!**



SUDDENLY... THROUGH THE DOOR A COWLED
FIGURE LEAPS FORWARD -- INTO THE PATH
OF THE BULLET!



LATER... UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYES OF THE
POLICE, REMORSEFUL TWO-FACE
PACES NERVOUSLY OUTSIDE THE
OPERATING ROOM...

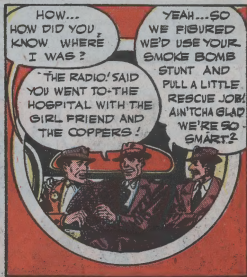
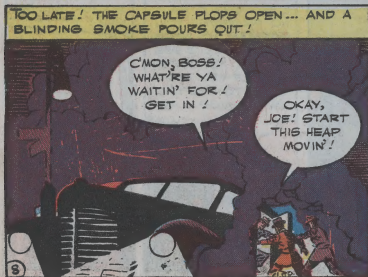
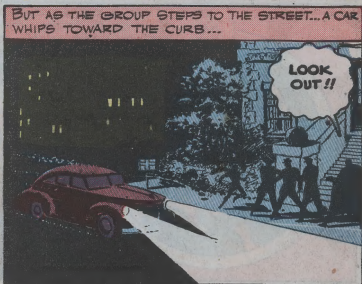
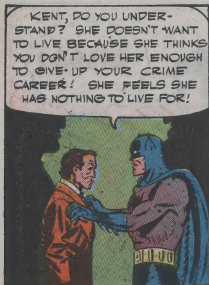


I THOUGHT I HAD
NO FRIENDS! YOU,
BATMAN, YOU WERE
MY FRIEND! I SEE
IT NOW! YOU WANTED
TO HELP ME... AND I
TRIED TO KILL YOU!
I'M NO GOOD... NO
GOOD!...

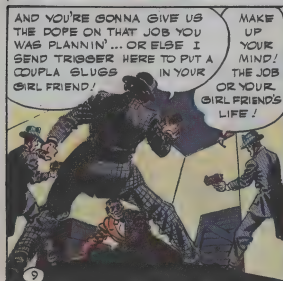
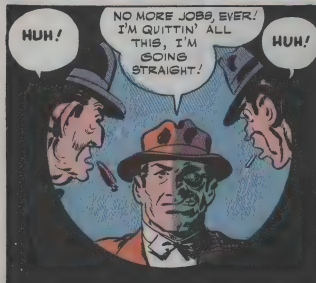
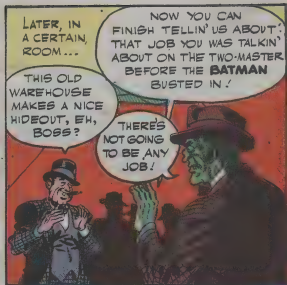
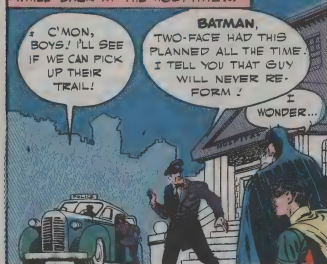


DOCTOR, WILL SHE
LIVE? I... I DON'T
KNOW! HER
SPIRIT IS VERY
LOW!... SHE... SHE
DOESN'T SEEM TO
WANT TO LIVE!
SHE KEEPS SAY-
ING OVER AND
OVER, KENT
DOESN'T LOVE
ME ENOUGH!
KENT DOESN'T
LOVE ME!





WHILE BACK AT THE HOSPITAL...



AND SOON FROM THE BAT-MOBILE'S SHORT-WAVE RADIO COMES A PHONE CALL...

CALLING CAR 35! GO TO WEST 4¹/₂ AND ANDREWS AVENUE! PICK UP A DRUNK WHO CLAIMS THAT SOMEONE IS DROPPING TWO-DOLLAR BILLS FROM A DESERTED WAREHOUSE! INVESTIGATE! THAT IS ALL!

TWO-DOLLAR BILLS? COULD IT BE...?

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

THASS IT! THE BILL'RE COMIN' FROM THERE!

LOOK! A HAND SHOVING A BILL THROUGH A KNOT-HOLE IN THE WOOD!

SECOND FLOOR! LET'S GO!

WHEW! I NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD WORK! BATMAN, WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE RAILROAD STATION RIGHT AWAY!

OKAY! YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ABOUT WHILE WE RIDE!

MEANTIME... SHIV AND HIS COHORTS HAVE LOST NO TIME IN FOLLOWING OUT TWO-FACE'S PLAN...

HERE SHE COMES!

THESE UNIFORMS FIT US GOOD! EVEN BETTER THAN THE PUNKS TIED UP IN THE BACK OF THE GUM TRUCK!

THINK SO! WAIT TILL YOU SEE HOW WELL THE PRISON UNIFORMS FIT YOU!

I HEAR YOU TALKING!

SHIV IS THE MAN FOR ME!

HERE, PAL... CHEW ON THIS FOR AWHILE!

UGH!

AH! THIS WAS MADE TO ORDER FOR ME! ALL ABOARD!

AS FOR TWO-FACE...OR KENT...HE IS BACKING UP HIS REFORM WITH TWO IRON FISTS!

THAT'S FOR EVEN THINKING OF HURTING GILDA!

D-DON'T!
DON'T HIT ME ANYMORE!

BATMAN! LOOK OUT!
GOLLY, HE'S TOO DAZED TO GET UP IN TIME...
AND I'M TOO FAR AWAY TO HELP! BATMAN!
THE ENGINE! THE ENGINE!

THEN...CATASTROPHE! A HURLED GUN SLAMS AGAINST BATMAN'S TEMPLE, AND SENDS HIM TOPPLING FROM THE PLATFORM--INTO THE PATH OF THE ONCOMING LOCOMOTIVE!

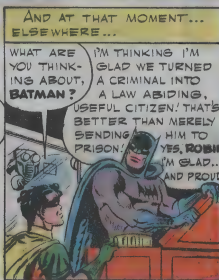
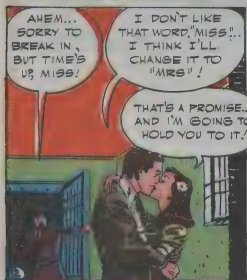
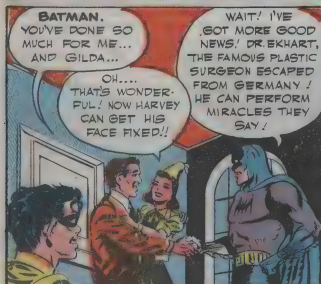
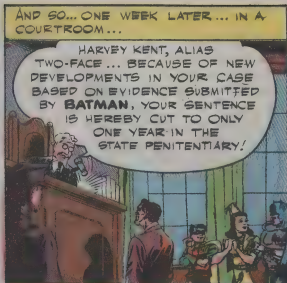
UH!

THEN IT IS THAT A FIGURE LEAPS FORWARD AS THE ONCOMING IRON MONSTER THUNDERS TOWARD THE FALLEN BATMAN!

DEATH... HORRIBLE, MANGLING DEATH HURTTLES AT THE BATMAN... BUT EVEN FASTER IS THE PLUNGING FIGURE THAT FLOWS INTO HIM AND ROLLS HIM SAFELY AWAY FROM CHURNING WHEELS!

MAN, OH MAN, THAT WAS CLOSE! KENT, YOU SAVED MY LIFE... BUT YOU CERTAINLY TOOK A TERRIBLE CHANCE DOING IT! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU...

THAT WAS NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR ME! FORGET IT! I'M GLAD YOU'RE OKAY!



LIKE A P-38 - GIVE YOURSELF A
POWER START



EVERY MORNING!

HERE'S the "food-power" breakfast treat that'll help you get up and go in champion style tomorrow morning! Reach for the Wheaties and enjoy a "Breakfast of Champions" with lots of milk and fruit.

Just like a P-38 needs super-fuel to rule the air, you need plenty of food-energy to help you keep going. So get that food-energy and *all* the well known vital nourishment of good whole wheat in Wheaties — "Breakfast of Champions."

Yes, here's the new breakfast favorite you've been looking for. Crisp-toasted flakes with a special goodness you can't resist — a flavor that's got 'em all beat for solid enjoyment. • Probably more great athletes in many sports eat Wheaties for breakfast than any other dish of the kind. Why don't you eat like a champion, too? Get your "power start" tomorrow with a "Breakfast of Champions!"

Hey, look! Special offer good only while our limited supplies last. Get handsome mechanical pencil shaped like big league baseball bat — streamline curved to fit your fingers. Send 10c and one Wheaties box top to General Mills, Inc. Dept. 314, Minneapolis, Minn. And send today!



"Look, Fritz! Dose Americans are capturing our storm troopers mit free samples Wheaties again!"



"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trademarks of General Mills, Inc.

"Breakfast of Champions"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

A product of GENERAL MILLS, INC.

SLAM

BRADLEY

EVER VISIT AN OLD MAN'S HOME? OH, YOU. WHAT EXCELLENT TRILLS CHILL YOUR SPINE DANGER STALKS YOUR EVERY FOOTSTEP, ACTION EXPLODES ANEW EACH MOMENT --- HUH, WHAT'S THAT? YOU THINK WE'VE GOT A COUPLE OF SIGNALS CROSSED. AN OLD MAN'S HOME, YOU SAY, IS A QUIET PEACEFUL PLACE? NOT THIS ONE, AFTER SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN GET INTO IT! PEACE AND QUIET END IN A HURRY WHEN THE HITTING DETECTIVE DUO NAIL THE H- THE BANDIT BAND WHO HAVE TRANSFORMED THIS RETREAT FOR THE AGED INTO A --

REFUGE FOR RUFFIANS!

AMID THE BUSTLE AND ROAR OF
A GREAT CITY, CRIME RAMPAGES
RECKLESSLY IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.

AND THE FOLLOWING DAY...

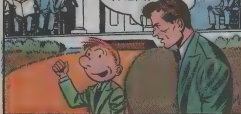
STEP ON IT, YOU GUYS!
THE COPS'LL BE
AROUND ANY
MINUTE!

[illegible]

CRIME MARCHES ON, AND SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN ARE HELPLESS TO DO ANYTHING BUT TAKE A GLOOMY STROLL ...

LOOK AT THOSE FELLOWS, SLAM... SO CALM, SO DIGNIFIED! THEY MAKE ME FORGET THE VERY EXISTENCE OF THOSE YOUNG BANDITS!

YOU TO REMEMBER ONLY ONE THING, MIDGET... THERE'S A REWARD OUT FOR THEM!



WATCH ME, FELLOWS, AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO HANDLE THIS PIGSKIN RIGHT! I WAS A FAMOUS QUARTERBACK ONCE ...

WHAT WE KIDS GOTTA SUFFER!



YOU'RE TOO MERCENARY, PAL! FORGET ABOUT MONEY! GAZE AT THOSE KIDS... JOLLY, CHEERFUL ...

CHEERFUL, MY EYE! THEY'RE HAVING AN ARGUMENT! AND A HOT ONE TOO!



THOSE "BIG" GUYS MAKE ME SICK!

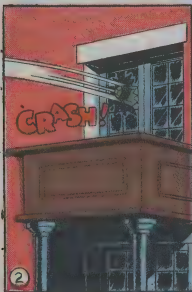
JUST BECAUSE THEY'RE BIGGER THAN US, THEY PLAY ON THE BEST PART OF THE FIELD, AND SHOVE US INTO A CORNER!



POOR LADS, I THINK I'D BETTER CHEER THEM UP!

WHY DON'T THESE GROWN-UPS LET US ALONE? WE KNOW HOW TO PLAY WITHOUT THEIR HELP!

NOTICE THE WAY I HOLD THE BALL ... THAT'S IMPORTANT! MY TOE CATCHES IT AT JUST THE RIGHT ANGLE, AND ...



NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!

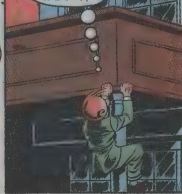
AS IF THOSE OLD GUYS DIDN'T COMPLAIN ENOUGH ABOUT OUR MAKING NOISE!

BETTER SQUARE YOURSELF, SHRIMP!

OKAY, STOP SQUAWKING, I'LL GET THE BALL BACK FOR YOU!



THIS IS THE LAST TIME I TRY TO DO ANYBODY A FAVOR! IF THOSE KIDS DON'T WANT TO LEARN WHAT I KNOW... IT'S THEIR TOUGH LUCK!



IN THE MEANTIME --

HUH...? A REVOLVER
HOLSTER? MAYBE THOSE
OLD BIRDS DON'T KNOW
THE CIVIL WAR'S
OVER!

HMMM, THAT'S AN
EXPENSIVE FOOTBALL
UNIFORM THIS FELLOW
IS WEARING... AND THIS
ISN'T A RICH MAN'S
NEIGHBORHOOD!

SAY, THAT'S A GOOD
UNIFORM YOU'VE GOT ON!
MIND TELLING ME
WHERE I CAN GET
ONE LIKE IT?

HE LOOKS TOUGH,
ALL RIGHT!

SCRAM, CHUMP, OR
I'LL SOCK YOU IN THE
EYE! I WANTA GET
A LITTLE EXERCISE
OUT HERE, NOT
WASTE MY TIME
TALKIN'!

ANOTHER TOUGH-
LOOKING ONE! I'M NOT
GOING TO FORGET
THEIR FACES!

HEY, WOTCHA
LOOKIN' AT US THAT
WAY FOR? AND WHAT'S
THE IDEA OF WANTIN'
TO KNOW ABOUT OUR
UNIFORMS?

HE
SOUNDS
LIKE A COPPER
TO ME!

AND THIS IS WHAT WE
DO TO DETECTIVES ---
UGH...

YOU FAN
THEM
WITH YOUR
FISTS, HUH? LET
ME SHOW YOU
WHAT I DO TO
TOUGH GUYS
LIKE YOU...

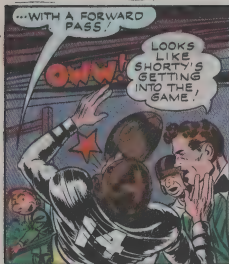
YOU WANTED EXERCISE,
AND I'M GIVING IT TO YOU!

HE CAN'T
GET AWAY
WITH THIS!
COME ON,
BOYS!

ARGH...

BUT NOW, RUSHING TO HIS OUTNUM-
BERED PARTNER'S RESCUE, COMES
THAT MIGHTY MITE, SHORTY MOR-
GAN.

WHA...? SLAM'S IN
A FIGHT AND LOSIN'
GROUND! I'D BETTER
HELP HIM OUT...



...WITH A FORWARD PASS!

LOOKS LIKE SHORTY'S GETTING INTO THE GAME!

OWW!



HOW'S THAT FOR A DOUBLE-PLAY, CHUMS?

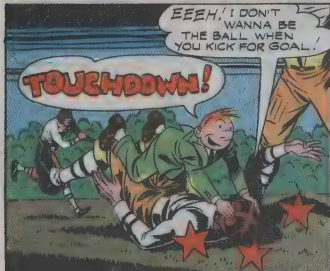
CLUG!

OWW, YOU GOT YOUR GAMES MIXED. THIS AIN'T BASEBALL!



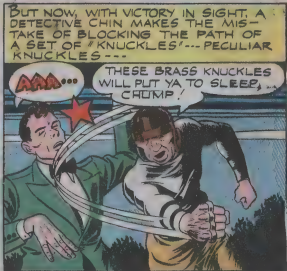
AND NOW, I'LL SHOW YOU MY FAMOUS STATUE OF LIBERTY PLAY!

HEY!



EEEH! I DON'T WANNA BE THE BALL WHEN YOU KICK FOR GOAL!

TOUCHDOWN!



AAA...

THESE BRASS KNUCKLES WILL PUT YA TO SLEEP, ... CRUMP!

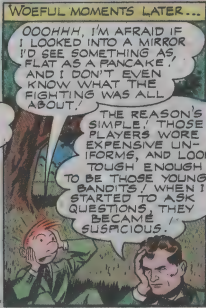


AND WITH THE HUSKIER OF THE DUO OUT OF THE WAY...

OW, NO FAIR PILING ON!

WE'RE MAKIN' SURE WE THROW YOU FOR A LOSS!

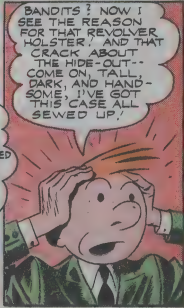
AFTER WE'RE THROUGH SQUASH-IN' THIS BUG WE BETTER GET BACK TO THE HIDEOUT.



WOEFUL MOMENTS LATER...

OOOHHH, I'M AFRAID IF I LOOKED INTO A MIRROR I'D SEE SOMETHING AS FLAT AS A PANCAKE! AND I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THE FIGHTING WAS ALL ABOUT!

THE REASON'S SIMPLE! THOSE PLAYERS WORE EXPENSIVE UNIFORMS, AND LOOKED TOUGH ENOUGH TO BE THOSE YOUNG BANDITS! WHEN I STARTED TO ASK QUESTIONS, THEY BECAME SUSPICIOUS.



BANDITS? NOW I SEE THE REASON FOR THAT REVOLVER HOLSTER! AND THAT CRACK ABOUT THE HIDE-OUT-- COME ON, TALL, DARK, AND HANDSOME, I'VE GOT THIS CASE ALL SEWED UP!

SNIFFING THE SCENT OF A REWARD, SLAM BRADLEY'S EXCITED SIDE-KICK LEADS THE WAY TO THE INSTITUTE FOR THE AGED.

WHAT'S THE IDEA RUNT? TRYING TO RECOVER ANOTHER FOOTBALL?

QUIET, WATSON, AND OBEY ORDERS! MY SHREWD EYE AND POWERFUL BRAIN HAVE DEDUCED THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE CRIMINALS!

WELL, SHERLOCK, WHAT'S THE EXPLANATION?

HUH...? THE HOLSTER'S GONE... BUT THEY CAN'T FOOL ME! I'LL TRY THE NEXT ROOM...

AH, HERE THEY ARE! BETTER GIVE UP, MY CRIMINAL FRIENDS! YOUR SECRET HAS BEEN DISCOVERED!

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE, LITTLE-PANTS! THESE PEOPLE LIVE HERE.

BY CRICKY, THEY'RE TAKIN' EM IN YOUNGER AND YOUNGER EVERY YEAR. I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS PLACE IS COMIN' TO.

SO YOU WON'T ADMIT IT, HUH? OKAY, CHUM, OFF WITH THE WHISKERS!

STOP IT, SHORTY!

WHY, YOU YOUNG WHIPPER-SNAPPER...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! IT DIDN'T COME OFF!

I'VE BEEN SIXTY YEAR GROWIN' THAT BEARD, AND, BY JIMINY, NO YOUNG WHELP IS GOIN' TO PULL IT!

YOU ASKED FOR IT, SHRIMP!

YOU'RE ROBBERS, THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE! GIVE UP, OR WE'LL THRASH YE TO WITHIN AN INCH OF YOUR LIVES!

WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE, I WANT TO EXPLAIN...

BUT, ALAS, THERE IS NO LONGER TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS! AS THE MINIATURE DETECTIVE MARVEL BEGINS...

YOU SEE, I FIGURED...

SAVE YOUR BREATH, SHORTY, I THINK YOU'RE GOING TO NEED IT!

SO THEY TRACKED US, HUH? WELL, THEY WON'T DO IT AGAIN! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM RIGHT, AND THEN CHASE OVER TO THE BANGTAIL CARNIVAL!

I BET IT COMES OFF THIS TIME!

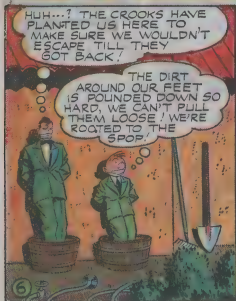
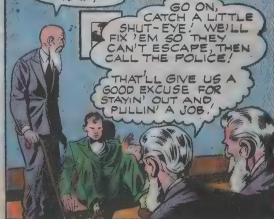
HEY, CUT IT OUT! I DON'T WANT THESE REAL OLD GUYS TO KNOW THE WHISKERS ARE PHONEY!



BUT ONCE MORE, THE PROWESS OF AN ANCIENT GLADIATOR TIPS THE SCALES OF BATTLE...

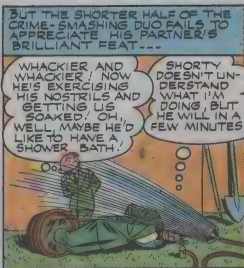


NOW WE GOT 'EM, WE OUGHTTER CALL THE POLICE! ONLY IT'S TIME FOR OUR AFTERNOON NAP!





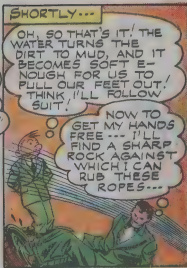
AH, IT'S
BEGINNING
TO TURN!



BUT THE SHORTER HALF OF THE
CRIME-SMASHING DUO FAILS TO
APPRECIATE HIS PARTNER'S
BRILLIANT FEAT----

WHACKIER AND
WHACKIER! NOW
HE'S EXERCISING
HIS NOSTRILS AND
GETTING US
SOAKED! OH,
WELL, MAYBE HE'D
LIKE TO HAVE A
SHOWER BATH!

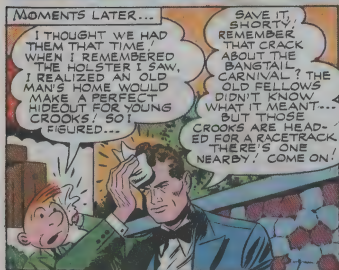
SHORTY
DOESN'T UNDER-
STAND
WHAT I'M
DOING, BUT
HE WILL IN A
FEW MINUTES!



SHORTLY---

OH, SO THAT'S IT! THE
WATER TURNS THE
DIRT TO MUD, AND IT
BECOMES SOFT E-
NOUGH FOR US TO
PULL OUR FEET OUT!
THINK I'LL FOLLOW
SUIT!

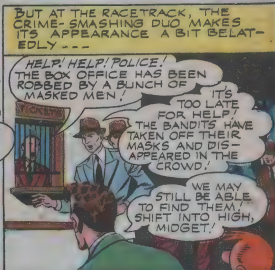
NOW TO
GET MY HANDS
FREE --- I'LL
FIND A SHARP
ROCK AGAINST
WHICH I CAN
RUB THESE
ROPEES---



MOMENTS LATER...

I THOUGHT WE HAD
THAT TIME!
WHEN I REMEMBERED
THE HOLSTER I SAW,
I REALIZED AN OLD
MAN'S HOME WOULD
MAKE A PERFECT
HIDEOUT FOR YOUNG
CROOKS! SO I
FIGURED---

SAVE IT,
SHORTY!
REMEMBER
THAT CRACK
ABOUT THE
BANGTAIL
CARNIVAL? THE
OLD FELLOWS
DIDN'T KNOW
WHAT IT MEANT---
BUT THOSE
CROOKS ARE HEAD-
ED FOR A RACETRACK!
THERE'S ONE
NEARBY! COME ON!

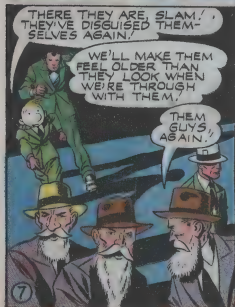


BUT AT THE RACETRACK, THE
CRIME-SMASHING DUO MAKES
ITS APPEARANCE A BIT BELAT-
EDLY ---

HELP! HELP! POLICE!
THE BOX OFFICE HAS BEEN
ROBBED BY A BUNCH OF
MASKED MEN!

IT'S
TOO LATE
FOR HELP!
THE BANDITS HAVE
TAKEN OFF THEIR
MASKS AND DIS-
APPEARED IN THE
CROWD!

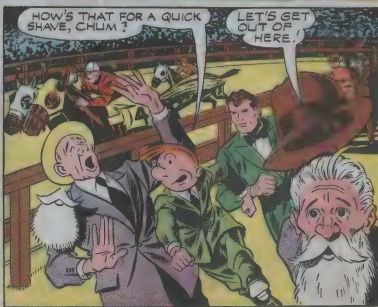
WE MAY
STILL BE ABLE
TO FIND THEM!
SHIFT INTO HIGH,
MIDGET!



THERE THEY ARE, SLAM!
THEY'VE DISGUISED THEM-
SELVES AGAIN!

WE'LL MAKE THEM
FEEL OLDER THAN
THEY LOOK WHEN
WE'RE THROUGH
WITH THEM!

THEM
GUYS
AGAIN!



HOW'S THAT FOR A QUICK
SHAVE, CHUM?

LET'S GET
OUT OF
HERE!

AS THE TWO STILL-CONSCIOUS BANDITS BREAK INTO FLIGHT, FLEET FEET FLASH IN PURSUIT ---

WE'LL PUT THE RACETRACK BETWEEN US AND THEM GUYS ---

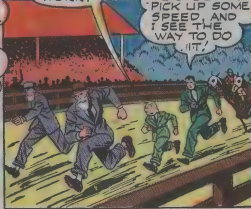
THEY'RE NOT FAR FROM THE FINISH LINE, COME ON, SHORTY, WE'LL RACE THEM FOR IT!



AND SO AN UNSCHEDULED RACE ENTERTAINS THOUSANDS OF THRILLED SPECTATORS ---

PUFF, PUFF! THIS IS HARD WORK!

THEY'RE WINNING! WE'D BETTER PICK UP SOME SPEED AND SEE THE WAY TO DO IT!



AH, THIS IS THE WAY I LIKE TO RUN!

WE'RE GAINING, COME ON NAG, STEP ON IT...



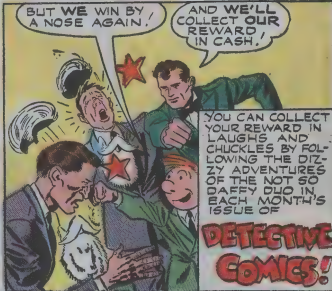
'HIYA, CHUMS.'

TOO BAD!! THEY WIN BY A WHISKER.



BUT WE WIN BY A NOSE AGAIN!

AND WE'LL COLLECT OUR REWARD IN CASH.

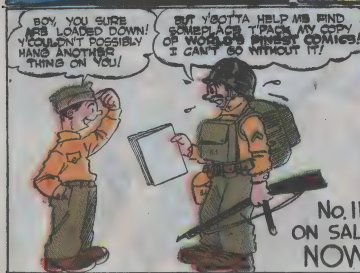


YOU CAN COLLECT YOUR REWARD IN LAUGHS AND CHUCKLES BY FOLLOWING THE DIZZY ADVENTURES OF THE NOT SO DAFFY DUO IN EACH MONTH'S ISSUE OF

DETECTIVE COMICS!

BOY, YOU SURE ARE LOADED DOWN! YOU COULDN'T POSSIBLY HANG ANOTHER THING ON YOU!

BUT Y'GOTTA HELP ME FIND SOMEPLACE I PACK MY COPY OF WORLD'S FINEST COMICS! I CAN'T GO WITHOUT IT!



No. 11 ON SALE NOW



SUPREMACY MR. FOEY



MCFOEY, HERE'S THE MOST BAFFLING CASE THAT HAS EVER COME INTO THIS OFFICE,-- YOU'VE GOT TO HELP US,-- LISTEN!--



IT CONCERNS THE ECCENTRIC MULTI-MILLIONAIRE, O.I. DIDDENT, OF UPPITY HILLS,-- CLAIMS HE'S BEING HAUNTED,-- HERE'S ALL THE DATA WE HAVE ON THE CASE TO DATE, TAKE IT HOME WITH YOU AND TRY TO UNSCRAMBLE IT,!



OKAY - D.A. - I'M ON MY WAY -
I'LL HOUND THOSE HAUNTS FROM
STEM TO STERN, -
AND FRY 'EM TO A SIZZLE,
TILL THEY BURN!

WODDA
MAN. - A
MAN'S MAN!

IN THE QUIET OF HIS STUDY
McFOOEEY REVIEWS THE DATA

SO THIS IS THE OLD BOY
HIMSELF EH? TSK - WITH
A PROFILE LIKE THAT HE
WOULDN'T NEED TO TAKE MORE
THAN FOUR EASY LESSONS TO
START HAUNTING HIMSELF!

- HIS SOLE HOBBY IS PLAYING
A CRACKED PHONOGRAPH RECORD
OF 'DARDANELLA' FROM DAWN
TO DUSK -

DODDA -
GLUG!
DODDA!
DODDA!
GLUG!

MM-MM-NOW
WHERE HAVE
I HEARD THAT
BEFORE?

- HIS LIFE WORK: - RAISING GIANT
TOADSTOOLS, - HIS AMBITION BEING
TO GORNER THE WORLD MARKET
FOR THIS FUNGUS DELICACY. NOW
HAS A 3200 ACRE RANCH OF SAME
UNDER HIGH-PRESSURE CULTIVATION

ICE WATER
COMING UP!

- ASIDE FROM BEING A BACHELOR
HE LIVES ALONE ON HIS 4000 ACRE
ESTATE - - HASN'T LEFT THE GROUNDS
IN EXACTLY 34 YEARS 7 MONTHS,
2 WEEKS AND 4 DAYS TO DATE -
(ONE MIGHT SAY, PRACTICALLY A HOMEBODY)

WELL, I GUESS
I'VE MOPED AROUND
OUT HERE LONG
ENOUGH, - NOW I
THINK I'LL GO IN
THE HOUSE AND
DO SOME REAL
MOPING!!

SO FULL SPEED AHEAD TO
UPPITY HILLS - - I'VE
PLANNED ME A PLAN!

HARUMPH! - ONE MIGHT
ALMOST THINK I WAS
EXPECTED - !!

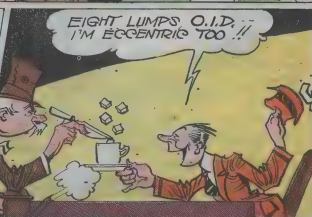
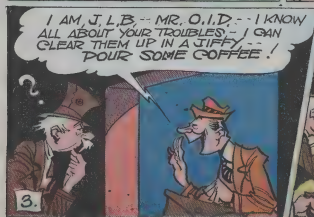
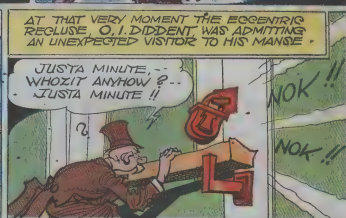
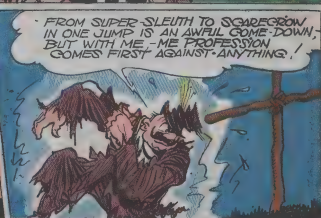
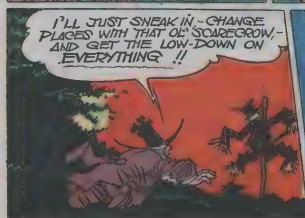
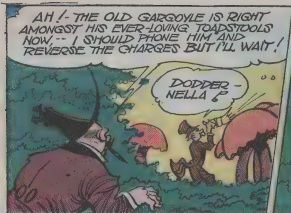
NO
TRESPASSING

YOU ARE NOW
ENTERING
UPPITY HILLS -
YOU ARE ENTIRELY
UN - WELCOME!

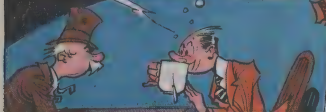
STAY OUT!
AND WE DO
MEAN YOU!!

SCAT!!

IF YOU CAN POSSIBLY
DO WITHOUT US - -
WE CAN CERTAINLY
DO WITHOUT YOU!



YOU THINK YOU ARE BEING HAUNTED, O.I.D. -- BUT YOU ARE MERELY BEING SYSTEMATICALLY ROBBED! -- THOUSANDS OF YOUR PRECIOUS TOADSTOOLS DISAPPEAR DAILY, BUT THEY ARE NOT BEING GHOSTED! -- THE NEIGHBORHOOD GROWS ARE MERELY 'GROWING' THEM OFF!



THE REASON? THAT IDLE SCAREGROW OF YOURS OUT THERE!



NOW HERE'S A LITTLE MODEL OF OUR PATENTED GADGET THAT ANIMATES SCAREGROWS -- FULLY INSTALLED FOR \$10. -- RESULTS GUARANTEED!



WELL, BATHE MY BROW!

IT'S A SALE - J.L.B. -- WIRE MY SCAREGROW AT ONCE!



NO QUICKER SAID THAN DONE, SIR -- NOW LET'S RUSH BACK TO THE HOUSE -- SWITCH AND MAKE HIM DANCE!!



OKAY! FLASH! IS HE DANCING NOW, O.I.D.?



DANCING? WHY? WHY HE'S -- OMIGOSH!!



WELL, BLOW OUT ALL MY FUSES! -- I START OUT TO ROUND UP A GANG OF TOADSTOOL RUSTLERS AND WIND UP GETTING THE 'HOT SEAT'! -- I QUIT THE CASE!!



YOU ARE NOW LEAVING LIPPITY HILLS -- GOOD RIDDANCE

THE

CRIMSON AVENGER

CRIMSON AVENGER & WING
DeLune Laundry

SHIRTS
HANDKERCHIEFS
SOCKS
.....
.....

14¢
3¢

CROCKERY
SPECIAL SERVICE

FREE BY OUR
ASK FOR IT!



IT WAS ONLY A SCRAP OF PAPER THE SABOTEURS WANTED... BUT MEN HAVE KILLED FOR A SCRAP OF PAPER BEFORE, AND THESE AGENTS OF THE GESTAPO WERE READY TO DO IT AGAIN! THEN THE MYSTERY OF THE MEANINGFUL SCRAP ATTRACTED THE MENTION OF THOSE BRILLIANT CRUSADERS AGAINST CRIME, THE CRIMSON AVENGER AND WING... AND THE CRIMINALS FOUND THEMSELVES BEING TAKEN TO THE CLEANERS AS THEY ATTEMPTED...

"LARCENY in the LAUNDRY!"

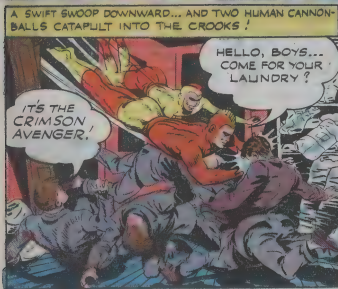
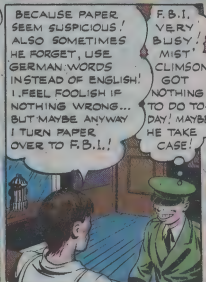
IN A SMALL CHINESE LAUNDRY... A TRIVIAL DISPUTE THREATENS TO DEVELOP INTO AN UGLY QUARREL...

THAT'S MY TICKET, AND I WANT MY LAUNDRY! I KNOW YOU DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO WASH IT YET, BUT HAND IT OVER ANYWAY!

YOU EXCUSE, MISTER KARLSON... BUNDLE NO LONGER HERE!

SOMETIMES HAVE TOO MUCH TO HANDLE MYSELF... SEND IT TO BIG CLEAN-QUICK LAUNDRY! BE BACK IN TWO DAYS!







AS RESULT OF
BAD MISTAKE,
YOU LOSE
SHIRT.

OWWWW!



HOW'D YOU LIKE
THAT SOCK,
CHUM?

I MUST
DO SOME-
THINK,
SCHNELL!

I'M GETTIN'
TIRED OF
THIS... JUST
ONE SOCK
AFTER AN-
OTHER.



BETTER GIVE
UP... YOU'RE
IN THE BAG!

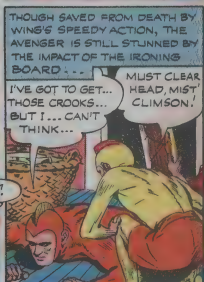
WHA...?



MIST' CLIMSON
IN DANGER...
WING MUST
ACT FAST.



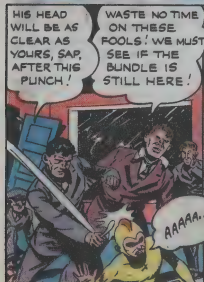
CLOOK SHOULD KNOW,
NO CAN USE IRON WITH-
OUT IRONING BOARD!



THOUGH SAVED FROM DEATH BY
WING'S SPEEDY ACTION, THE
AVENGER IS STILL STUNNED BY
THE IMPACT OF THE IRONING
BOARD...

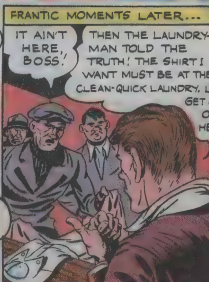
I'VE GOT TO GET...
THOSE CROOKS...
BUT I... CAN'T
THINK...

MUST CLEAR
HEAD, MIST'
CLIMSON!



HIS HEAD
WILL BE AS
CLEAR AS
YOURS, SAP,
AFTER THIS
PUNCH!

WASTE NO TIME
ON THESE
FOOLS! WE MUST
SEE IF THE
BUNDLE IS
STILL HERE!



FRANTIC MOMENTS LATER...

IT AIN'T
HERE,
BOSS!

THEN THE LAUNDRY-
MAN TOLD THE
TRUTH! THE SHIRT I
WANT MUST BE AT THE
CLEAN-QUICK LAUNDRY. LET'S
GET OUT
OF HERE!



AND SECONDS LATER...

OWWWW...
THIS CASE
BIG HEAD-
ACHE
TO WING...

YOU'LL PAY
THEM BACK FOR
THAT LATER.
WING... BUT
MEANWHILE WE'D
BETTER LOOK UP
YOUR FRIEND! I
HAVEN'T SEEN HIM AT
ALL... I HOPE HE'S
ALL RIGHT!

A QUICK SEARCH THROUGH THE SMALL SHOP, AND SOON, IN THE REAR OF THE LAUNDRY...

HE SLEEP THROUGH WHILE PLACE ROBBED!

WE'D BETTER WAKE HIM UP NOW, THOUGH...

HUH... ?
ALARM CLOCK NO RING YET!
WHY CRIMSON AVENGER BOTHER ME ?

HE WANT YOU TALK FAST, SLEEPYHEAD.

WE WANT TO LOOK AT THE PAPER YOU TOOK FROM THAT MAN'S SHIRT!

HERE IS !
I NOT HAVE TIME TODAY, WILL GO TO F.B.I. TOMORROW!

I'LL SEE WHETHER IT'S WORTH BOTHERING THEM ABOUT!

THE WAY THOSE STREETS INTERSECT IS FAMILIAR...
HMMM, I THINK I'VE GOT IT!
THIS IS DOWNTOWN IN THE INDUSTRIAL SECTION, THE BUILDING IS THE BURTON POWDER WORKS!

LUCKY WE DIDN'T WAIT TILL TOMORROW! THEY MAY BE PLANNING TO BLOW UP THE PLACE TO-NIGHT!

WE TAKE QUICK LOOK-SEE!

GOOD!
I GO BACK TO SLEEP..
GOT HARD DAY TO-MORROW.

AS THE CRIME-TRACKING DUO RACES THROUGH DESERTED STREETS...

NO UNNASTAND, MIST CLIMSON...
PAPER SAY VERY LITTLE, EASY TO REMEMBER! CLOK NO NEED IT NO MORE! WHY HE TURN LAUNDRY UPSIDEDOWN TO GET IT!

THAT'S BEEN PUZZLING ME TOO, WING! BUT WE MAY FIND THE ANSWER WHEN WE RUN ACROSS THE CRIMINALS AGAIN!

MEANWHILE...

THEY HAVE FORGOTTEN THIS DOOR EXISTS! IT WILL BE EASY TO TEAR AWAY THE BOARDS AND GET IN!

BUT WHY COME HERE FIRST, BOSS? WHY NOT GO TO THE LAUNDRY TO GET THAT HUNK OF PAPER?

BECAUSE FIRST WE MUST CARRY OUT THE ORDERS OF THE GESTAPO, AND WRECK THIS POWDER WORKS! THEN IT WILL BE TIME ENOUGH TO DESTROY THAT SCRAP OF PAPER!

AS THE WOULD-BE SABOTEURS ENTER THROUGH THE LONG-FORGOTTEN DOOR...

LOOK LIKE WE JUST IN TIME!

YES, I THINK WE CAN STOP THEM FROM SETTING OFF THEIR EXPLOSION!

WHA...? HIM AGAIN?

I CAME HERE TO SET OFF AN EXPLOSION OF MY OWN!

AAAAA...

WING LIKE AMERICAN CUSTOM, PLAY SHELL GAME!

HEY, THEM SHELLS ARE DANGEROUS!

UGH... YOU'RE TELLING ME!

HERE'S MY CHANCE! WHILE HE'S OFF-BALANCE...

I'LL USE A SAP ON THE SAP!

NOW WE'LL BE ABLE TO GANG UP ON THE OTHER CHUMP!

AAA...

FIGHTING FURIOUSLY, WING FALLS VICTIM TO A BRUTAL OVERPOWERING ONSLAUGHT! AND WHEN THE CRIME-CRUSHING PAIR AWAKEN...

THIS FUSE, DUM-KOPFS WILL SET OFF A HEAP OF DYNAMITE... AND WHEN IT EXPLODES, YOU AND THE ENTIRE BUILDING EXPLODE WITH IT!

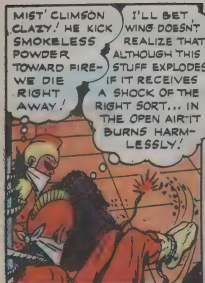
AH, WOE! WE'RE SURROUNDED BY HELPLESS SMOKELESS POWDER... IN-AIR WE'LL FEELING! CERTAINLY GO UP WITH A BANG!

THEY ARE THE ONLY WITNESSES AGAINST ME... AND SOON THEY WILL BE GONE! THE LAUNDRYMAN DOES NOT KNOW MY REAL NAME... AND WHEN I RECOVER THAT PAPER...

YOU'LL BE IN THE CLEAR! NOBODY'LL EVER BE ABLE TO PROVE YOU WERE IN ON THIS!

ALONE AND HELPLESS, THE CRIMSON AVENGER AND WING WATCH DEATH CREEP CLOSER... CLOSER...

WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME... I'D BETTER HURRY!

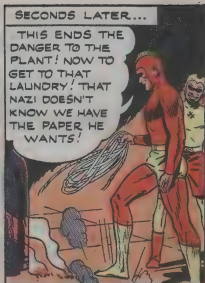


MIST' CLIMSON
CLAZY! HE KICK
SMOKELESS
POWDER
TOWARD FIRE-
WE DIE
RIGHT
AWAY!

I'LL BET
WING DOESN'T
REALIZE THAT
ALTHOUGH THIS
STUFF EXPLODES
IF IT RECEIVES
A SHOCK OF THE
RIGHT SORT... IN
THE OPEN AIR IT
BURNS HARM-
LESSLY!

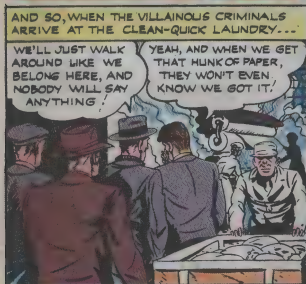


I COULDN'T GET
TO THE FIRE, SO I
BROUGHT THE FIRE
TO US! I'LL HAVE
THESE ROPES
BURNED THROUGH
IN NO TIME...



SECONDS LATER...

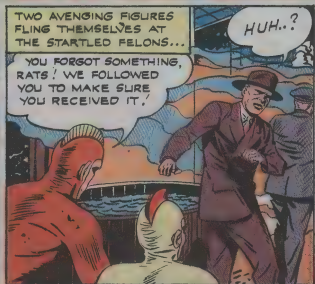
THIS ENDS THE
DANGER TO THE
PLANT! NOW TO
GET TO THAT
LAUNDRY! THAT
NAZI DOESN'T
KNOW WE HAVE
THE PAPER HE
WANTS!



AND SO, WHEN THE VILLAINOUS CRIMINALS
ARRIVE AT THE CLEAN-QUICK LAUNDRY...

WE'LL JUST WALK
AROUND LIKE WE
BELONG HERE, AND
NOBODY WILL SAY
ANYTHING!

YEAH, AND WHEN WE GET
THAT HUNK OF PAPER,
THEY WON'T EVEN
KNOW WE GOT IT!



TWO AVENGING FIGURES
FLING THEMSELVES AT
THE STARTLED FELONS...

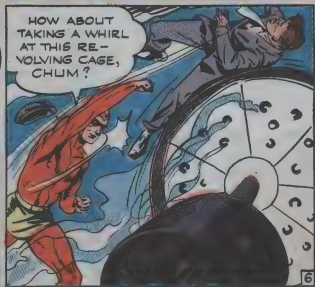
HUH..?

YOU FORGOT SOMETHING,
RATS! WE FOLLOWED
YOU TO MAKE SURE
YOU RECEIVED IT!

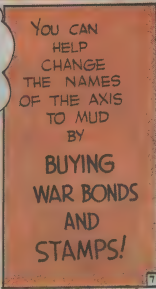
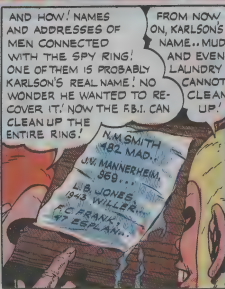
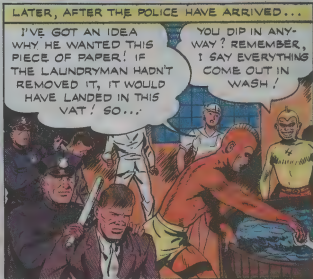
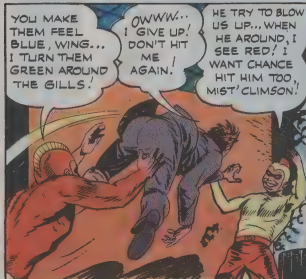
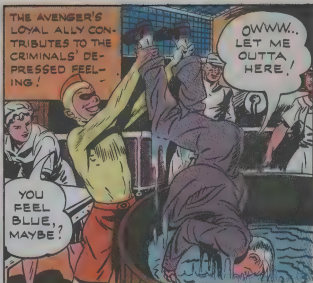


HERE
IT IS!

GLUG!

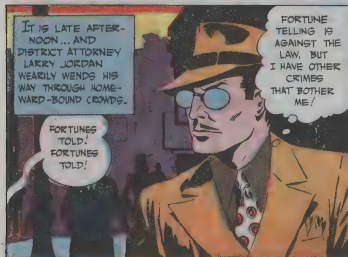


HOW ABOUT
TAKING A WHIRL
AT THIS RE-
VOLVING CAGE,
CHUM?





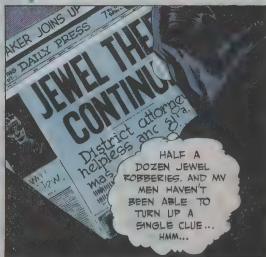
STATIC IS USUALLY A NUISANCE...IT THRUSTS ITS WAY IN WHERE IT ISN'T WANTED... AND ITS SOMETIMES IMPOSSIBLE TO TUNE OUT! BUT **STATIC**, **AIR WAVE'S** PARROT PAL, IS DIFFERENT! FIGHTING A GANG OF CROOKS CUNNING ENOUGH TO BAFFLE THE POLICE IN CRIME AFTER CRIME, THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS FACES CERTAIN DOOM...AND HE'S THANKFUL INDEED WHEN THE BRILLIANT BIRD PUTS HUMAN CRIME-CRUSHERS IN THE SHADE AND ---
"STATIC STEALS THE SHOW!"



IT IS LATE AFTER-NOON...AND DISTRICT ATTORNEY LARRY JORDAN WEARILY WENDS HIS WAY THROUGH HOME-WARD-BOUND CROWDS.

FORTUNES TOLD!
 FORTUNES TOLD!

FORTUNE TELLING IS AGAINST THE LAW, BUT I HAVE OTHER CRIMES THAT BOTHER ME!



MAKER JOINS UP
 THE DAILY PRESS
JEWEL THEFT CONTINUES
 District attorney helpless and...
 was...
 HALF A DOZEN JEWEL ROBBERIES, AND MY MEN HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO TURN UP A SINGLE CLUE...
 HMM...

That night...
LARRY JORDAN
DONG THE GAMES OF
AIR WAVE, AND
WITH HIS PARROT,
PAL, STATIC, SETS
OUT ON A NOCTURNAL
PROWL...

I'VE TUNED IN ON
METAL IN THE WIDEOUTS
OF SEVERAL WELL-
KNOWN GANGS...BUT
STILL NOT A CLUE!
THESE JEWEL ROBBERS
MUST BE A NEW
BUNCH!

REMEMBER,
PERSEVERANCE
KILLED A CAT!

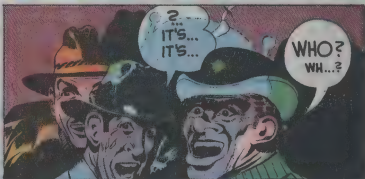
Suddenly...

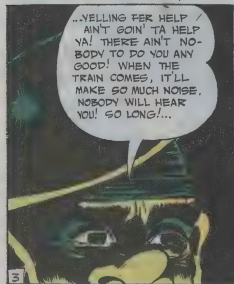
STEP ON
IT, BOYS!
WE'LL NEVER GET TO
THAT DRILL
PLACE!

HUH...? I
ACCIDENTALLY
TUNED IN ON
A METAL
FIXTURE IN THE
FIVE-AND-
TEN-CENT
STORE...THAT'S
A FUNNY PLACE
TO ROB!

WONDER
WHAT THEY
EXPECT TO
STEAL HERE!
C'MON,
STATIC!

THE LONGEST
WAY ROUND
IS THE
LONGEST
WAY HOME...
AWK!





AND NOW TO THE HELPLESS
CRIME-FIGHTER COMES THE
GINGSTER SOUND OF
GINGING RAILS...

A TRAIN'S
APPROACHING! I
HAVEN'T MUCH
TIME!

MAYBE I CAN
BROADCAST WITH
THE MICROPHONE ACROSS
MY CHEST TO THE
METAL FRAME-
WORK OF THE
TRAIN AND
ORDER THE MOTORMAN
TO STOP!

STOP
THE TRAIN!
THIS IS AIR
WAVE! I'M
BOUND
AND...

BUT
WITHIN
THE
MOTORMAN'S
CUBBYHOLE, THE RUMBLE
OF RAPIDLY
ROLLING
WHEELS
DROWNS
OUT THE
SOUND OF
THE FRANTIC
CALL FOR
HELP!

AND NOW,
AS DOOM
DRAWS NEAKER
AND
NEAKER...

STATIC!
LUCKY YOU
GOT HERE
AT LAST!

BETTER
LATER
THAN HARDLY
EVER!

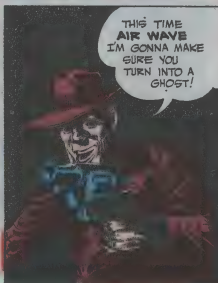
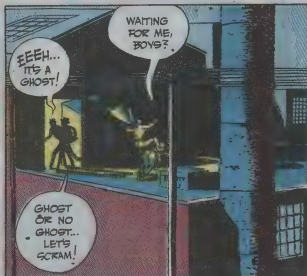
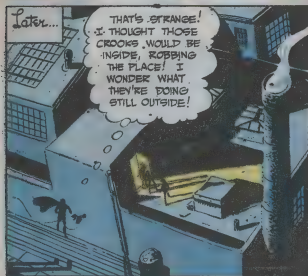
HURRY AND
DO WHAT I
TELL YOU!
FLY...

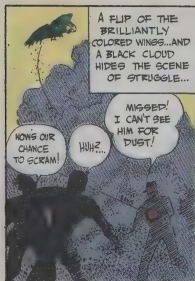
A WORD
TO THE
WISE IS
PROFICIENT!

WHAT INSTRUCTIONS
DOES AIR WAVE GIVE
HIS FAITHFUL FEATHERED
FRIENDS? AND HOW
CAN STATIC HELP SAVE
HIM?...
LOOK→

ON THE TRAIN, AN
AMAZED MOTORMAN SEES...

THAT GREEN
LIGHT'S BLINKING
ON AND OFF.
I'M NOT
SUPPOSED TO GO
AHEAD UNLESS
IT'S CLEAR!



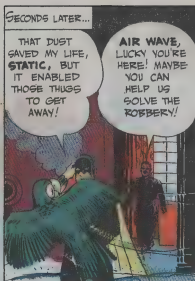


A FLIP OF THE BRILLIANTLY COLORED WINGS...AND A BLACK CLOUD HIDES THE SCENE OF STRUGGLE...

NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO SCREAM!

HUH?...

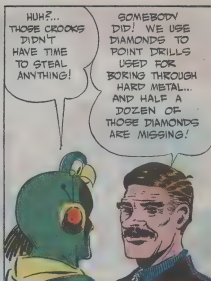
MISS! I CAN'T SEE HIM FOR DUST!



SECONDS LATER...

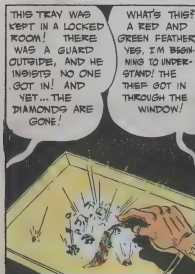
THAT DUST SAVED MY LIFE, **STATIC**, BUT IT ENABLED THOSE THUGS TO GET AWAY!

AIR WAVE, LUCKY YOU'RE HERE! MAYBE YOU CAN HELP US SOLVE THE ROBBERY!



HUH?... THOSE CROOKS DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO STEAL ANYTHING!

SOMEBODY DID! WE USE DIAMONDS TO POINT DRILLS USED FOR BORING THROUGH HARD METAL... AND HALF A DOZEN OF THOSE DIAMONDS ARE MISSING!



THIS TRAY WAS KEPT IN A LOCKED ROOM! THERE WAS A GUARD OUTSIDE, AND HE INSISTS NO ONE GOT IN! AND YET...THE DIAMONDS ARE GONE!

WHAT'S THIS? A RED AND GREEN FEATHER YES, I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND! THE THIEF GOT IN THROUGH THE WINDOW!



Next day...

SO THAT'S THE MYSTERIOUS PETE! A TRAINED PARRAKEET! DISGUISED AS A FORTUNE TELLER, THE GANG LEADER IS ABLE TO CASE THE PLACES HE INTENDS ROBBING... AND LATER HE HAS PETE DO THE STEALING FOR HIM!...

COME ON PETE. TELL THE MAN'S FORTUNE!



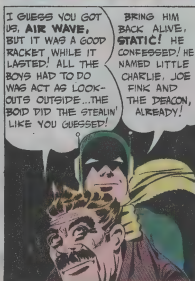
THE FUTURE DOESN'T HOLD ANYTHING FOR YOU, UNLESS YOU CONFESS AND TELL WHO YOUR PALS WERE!

OWW! YOU'RE ACCUSING AN INNOCENT MAN! I AIN'T GOT NO PALS!



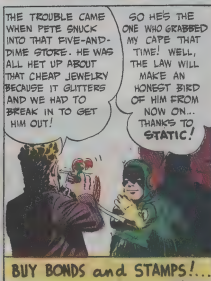
YOUR MONEY, OR YOUR LIFE! AWEKK!

REKK! HERE'S YOUR DOUGH, LITTLE CHARLIE... HERE'S YOURS, JOE FINK... YOU WOULDN'T HIT THE DEACON, WOULD YOU, BOSS?... REKK!



I GUESS YOU GOT US, **AIR WAVE**, BUT IT WAS A GOOD RACKET WHILE IT LASTED! ALL THE BOYS HAD TO DO WAS ACT AS LOOK-OUTS OUTSIDE...THE BOY DID THE STEALIN' LIKE YOU GUESSED!

BRING HIM BACK ALIVE, **STATIC**! HE CONFESSED! HE NAMED LITTLE CHARLIE, JOE FINK AND THE DEACON, ALREADY!

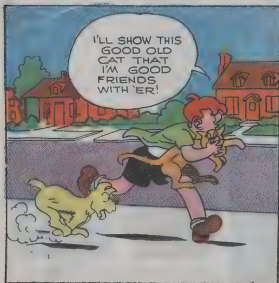
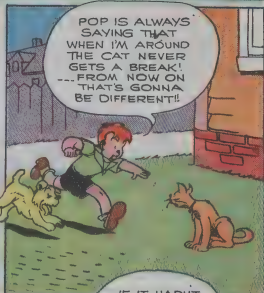
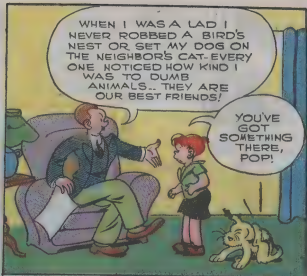
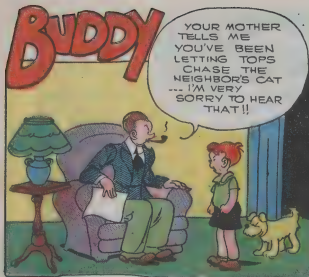


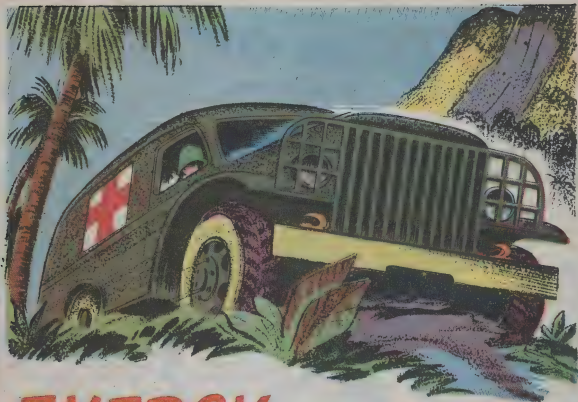
THE TROUBLE CAME WHEN PETE SNUCK INTO THAT FIVE-AND-DIME STORE. HE WAS ALL HET UP ABOUT THAT CHEAP JEWELRY BECAUSE IT GLITTERS AND WE HAD TO BREAK IN TO GET HIM OUT!

SO HE'S THE ONE WHO GRABBED MY CAPE THAT TIME! WELL, THE LAW WILL MAKE AN HONEST BIRD OF HIM FROM NOW ON... THANKS TO **STATIC**!

BUY BONDS and STAMPS!...

BUDDY





ENERGY FOR EMERGENCIES !

WHEN nerves are taut and speed is indispensable, motors of the Red-Cross Ambulance Corps must respond *immediately* to rescue wounded, get them out of danger...ENERGY to work those pistons is fed the motor by its fuel ... just as your body is fed food-energy by the food you eat.

BABY RUTH PROVIDES FOOD-ENERGY

Because BABY RUTH is rich in dextrose and other nourishing foods, hundreds of thousands of bars are being shipped daily to our boys in Army camps, Naval stations and Marine bases all over the world. If you can't get BABY RUTH at your canteen counter today, just remember it's probably bringing happiness and extra food-energy to some tired serviceman. Look for BABY RUTH tomorrow—it's great candy—worth waiting for!

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Producers of Fine Foods



TELL MOMS TO BAKE
EASY-TO-MAKE COOKIES
WITH **BABY RUTH**
RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER



BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

PRISONER OF PERIL

by Ed Adams

HE had been on the job only two days but he couldn't seem to get over the feeling of fear. And it hadn't helped when they put him on the midnight to eight tour in this sparsely-populated area. Now, walking along the deserted, silent streets, he seemed unable to shake off his nervousness.

"It's funny," he thought, "that I should be afraid. After all, I'm a cop. It's something I've always wanted to be and now I've got it."

A guy has time to think on a desolate beat, and when he's young, only twenty-two, and he remembers how his father had made quite a record on the force before a murderer's bullet had gotten him, maybe that has something to do with the way nerves act up.

He tried to tell himself that he shouldn't be scared, that he had his badge, a gun, and a nightstick. And standing solidly behind him, in addition to the force, were the law-abiding citizens themselves.

He looked at the badge he had been handed at the Academy exercises only a few days before. Some other cop, now retired, had used it. He remembered now he had thought they might give him the badge of his dead father. He had said so to his smiling mother who had been present at the graduation, with Sergeant Grady. His mother had started to say something, but Grady had stopped her with a bluff explanation: "You'd better take this one right now, son. Maybe your Pop's badge is marked for someone else. Sorry." He had slapped Harry heartily on the back then, and added: "You may get it some day. I think you're a chip off the old block at that."

Now, thinking of this, Officer Harry Andrews, three days on the force, grimaced. It was lucky Grady didn't know how

he felt. Scared stiff, he was, and no fooling. He hadn't imagined it would be like this. It was almost as though he were a prisoner of peril, as though this night he was walking through was closing in around him. If only they had given him a more active beat these first few weeks! Then maybe he wouldn't have had this feeling. Rookie jitters! For a moment, he felt angry toward Sergeant Grady, who had handed him the assignment. After all, Grady had requested that Officer Andrews be assigned to his precinct.

The night was warm, but the sweat beads on Harry Andrews' forehead were cold. He looked at his watch. Only ten minutes after two. It would be another fifty minutes before he would call the precinct and hear for a moment the comforting voice of the desk man. And another six hours before the tour was finished.

He walked slowly along the street, his presence almost hidden by the huge full-leaved-elm trees that lined the few blocks of residences. Down at the end was the house of that eccentric inventor, Millard, and just behind it was his workshop. Sergeant Grady had issued special orders to keep an eye on Millard's workshop, and particularly the inventor.

"It's a request from the FBI, my boy," he told Harry. "Millard refuses to work in a factory and he won't permit any bodyguards." Grady sighed.

"Thank Heavens," he said. "A man can still do what he wants in this country. If the old boy won't take help, though, we'll just watch over him in secret. That's your job this week, Harry."

Well, that part hadn't been hard. He had seen Millard only once. That had been earlier this evening when the aged inventor was getting into his Ford

coupe. He had said good-evening to Harry and mentioned that he was going to a banquet. Harry smiled now, thinking of the old man's complaints. "Always bothering a man just when he's making an experiment come out," he said. "Always the way."

"Yes," Harry thought now. "But it isn't every day a man's honored the way Millard is going to be tonight. A decoration for invaluable aid in the war effort."

Harry paused, brought out his handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from his face. He'd be glad when this night was over, he told himself. It was certainly lonely and gloomy on this beat. The few street lights were shrouded in blackout paint and very few cars came along this street. Well, no, there was one now.

It was coming down the street and two pin points of light showed between the radiator. Harry continued walking slowly, then quickened his step as he saw the car slow down as it approached the Millard house. "At least," he thought, "I can congratulate Millard."

He was surprised, on reaching the car, to see a stranger in evening clothes get out. For a moment the man stiffened, then recovered himself. "Ah, good-evening, officer," he said. "You came up so quietly you frightened me. I just brought Dr. Millard home. My friend and I."

For the first time, Harry noticed there was another man in the car. He was pushing Millard toward the other man. "Better get the doctor's arm, Walter," he said. "He's still knocked out."

The man called Walter spoke to Harry. "He's all right, officer," he said. "Just had a little too much to drink. It really was some party." He lifted the

slight figure of the inventor easily from the car. "I'd better get him into the house and get some hot coffee into him. He'll probably want to work."

Harry grinned. "I wouldn't be surprised," he said. "He didn't like the idea of going to the dinner. Boy, he must have enjoyed it though."

Walter laughed. "Funny thing about Millard," he commented. "Never drinks unless at parties." He shrugged. "Well, I guess all inventors have peculiar habits."

Harry nodded. "Good thing you brought him home," he said. "But here, want me to help?"

"No, thanks," the other man said. "We can manage."

Harry stepped back, watched them as they carried Millard into the house. He shook his head. Well, the old boy probably deserved a little fun. He certainly worked hard enough. Night and day he worked, with very little sleep.

Walking his beat again, Harry allowed his thoughts to dwell on Millard. The inventor was eccentric, certainly, but he sure produced. Already three of his inventions had been accepted by the War Department. There had been quite an article in "WEEKLY", the picture magazine, only last week about Millard, telling of his eccentricities. That goat milk thing especially. Millard thrived on it. He hated all other beverages, the writer had said, and especially coffee. Wouldn't have it in the house.

Suddenly, Harry started. Say, what was it those fellows had said about Millard working tonight. He turned around and retraced his steps until he rounded the corner.

His face wore a look of puzzlement as he saw that Millard's workshop was occupied. A crack of light shone from beneath the blackout curtain. A little startled, Harry looked at his watch. Only ten minutes had passed since he had left the men. Millard must have made a remarkable recovery from that heavy drinking. Or maybe he was one of those fellows who only took

a little and couldn't hold it.

Harry shrugged and started to pass the car in front of the house. The night was still, but even at that the purring of the powerful motor was scarcely audible. Harry looked toward the house. "Those fellows should be coming out soon, I guess. But just the same, they ought to save gas." He opened the car door and switched off the motor, and, as he did so, his young sharp ears caught a strange sound.

It sounded like a moan. Harry stiffened. Had it come from behind the house? Or were his ears playing tricks on him again, just as they had the past two nights? He looked toward the workshop. Gosh, there couldn't be anything wrong there. Maybe Millard had just started a motor or something. He was probably happily at work already and...

Cold sweat breaking out on Harry's forehead stopped his thought. Something had just occurred to him, something about coffee! Yes, he had it now! Millard never drank coffee, didn't keep it in the house. And goat's milk, in Millard's condition, would never have helped so fast if administered within the last twenty minutes.

Breathing heavily, Harry stepped off into the darkness. He could almost touch it. It was like a shroud to his quickened, imaginative mind. Noiselessly, he moved across the grass and paused before the workshop door. His hand moved the latch slowly.

And then he heard the moan. For a moment fear lashed at him with all her fury. "You're a fool to go in there," she taunted. "A fool. What if those men are killers. They'll get you, just as a killer got your father!"

He paused. The hand on his gun was clammy. And then, almost as though Sergeant Grady was beside him, he heard the words. "I think you're a chip off the old block at that."

Gun in hand, he opened the door.

The short man, standing beside Walter, who was twisting Millard's arm fired first. Harry

ducked, felt fear strike him afresh as a bullet imbedded itself near his head.

Then he fired. The short man fell to the floor. Walter, in the meantime, had managed to get out a gun. His bullet smashed into Harry's shoulder, sending him against the wall.

Walter leaped past, headed for the door. Harry managed to get the gun into his good hand. The room was whirling around, as he struggled to his feet. Pain stabbed through his body and his eyes clouded. "I've got to get him," he muttered, "before he can reach the car."

He stumbled out and in the darkness he could see nothing. And then suddenly he saw Walter, in the dim illumination of the car's parking lights. The man was plunging through the car door and now Harry knew why the motor had been left running. For a quick getaway.

He squeezed the trigger as a thousand needles of pain pricked his body and then he fell forward, not knowing whether his shot had found its mark.

His mother and Sergeant Grady were with him when he opened his eyes in the hospital room next morning. Millard was there, too. His mother said: "Oh, Harry. Harry!" And then she cried and said his father would have been proud of him.

"That he would, lad," Grady said, smiling. "It's not every day a rookie cop can get shot and still catch a couple of spies. It's a real hero you are." He continued to grin broadly. "And by the way, my boy," he said. "This is yours, compliments of the Commissioner, himself, who will be here this afternoon."

Harry looked at the shield. No. 1809. "Dad's," he murmured. "Dad's shield." He looked at his mother.

"Yes, son," she said. "We should have told you, before. It's a tradition of the Department that only a hero can wear a dead hero's shield. And," she added softly. "I knew that someday it would be your's, because like your Dad you don't know fear!"

The

BOY COMMANDOS

THE BARONET OF BODKIN BORDERS

ORDER OF THE DAY

When off Duty, Commandos should never consider themselves too busy to lend a Helping Hand to those whose Lives are troubled and endangered by the misfortunes of War...

Rip Carter
CAPTAIN

IT'S GOING TO BE TOUGH ON A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN WHO GREW UP IN THE U.S.A. ... AND TOUGHER ON HIS FATHER ... IF A CERTAIN NOBLEMAN'S MANSION, CLOSED FOR THE DURATION, ISN'T WIDE OPEN AND BRIMMING WITH BLUE-BLOODED BRITONS ON A CERTAIN DAY! SO, HAVING A DEEP DISREGARD FOR SUCH TRIFLES AS ANCIENT TRADITIONS, THE BOY COMMANDOS BLITHELY UNDERTAKE TO MANUFACTURE AN ARTIFICIAL MIRACLE ... AND PROMPTLY FIND THEMSELVES UP TO THEIR NECKS IN PERIL SO DESPERATE THAT NOTHING SHORT OF A MIRACLE CAN SAVE THE DAY!

JOE SIMON
and
JACK KIRBY

YOU
COULD
TREAD
THE
THAMES
EMBANK-
MENT A
THOUSAND
TIMES
AND
NEVER
MEET A
SADDER-
SEEMING,
SADDER-
SIGHING
MAN THAN
HENRY
TUTTBRIDGE...

HOW CALM AND PEACEFUL IT SEEMS
DOWN THERE! ONE WOULDN'T HAVE
TO FRET AND WORRY!

BUT... **NO!** THAT WOULD
NEVER SOLVE MY PROBLEM!
I MUST MEET IT...FACE
IT SOMEHOW!

TO THINK THAT TWENTY YEARS
OF STRIVING AND PLANNING AND
SACRIFICING SHOULD END IN
SHAME AND FAILURE!

WHO
COULD
HELP
FEELING
SYMPATHETIC
TOWARD A
FELLOW-
BEING
IN SUCH
MISERY?
CERTAINLY
NOT
THOSE
WARM-
HEARTED
WAIFS
OF A
WAR-TORN
WORLD...
THE BOY
COMMANDOS!

WE BEEN TAGGIN'
DAT GUY FER A
HOUR! DO WE DO
SOMETHIN'...OR
DON'T WE?

YOU SPEAK TO HIM,
BROOKLYN, MON.
AMI... YOU HAVE ZE
GENTLE MANNER!

DON'T T'INK I'M
TRYIN' TA BUTT
IN, CHUM, BUT...

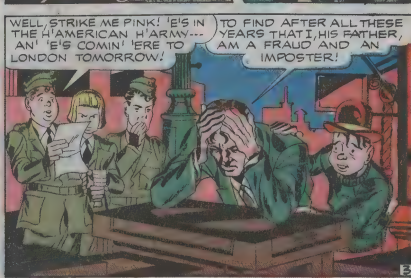
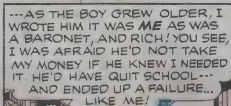
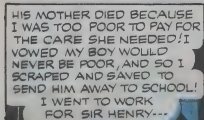
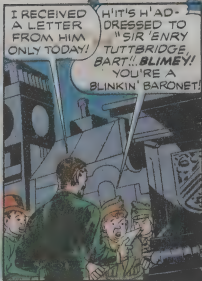
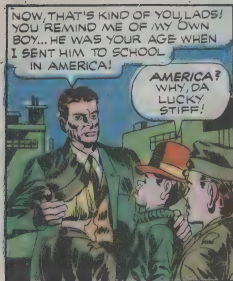
EH?

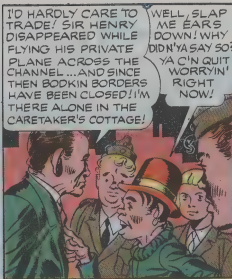
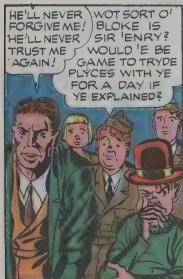
WHO
ARE YOU?

ER...WE COULDN'
'ELP BUT SEE AS
'OW YE WERE
UN'APPY!

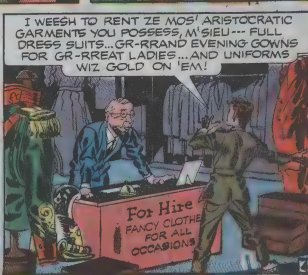
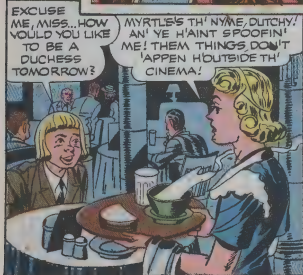
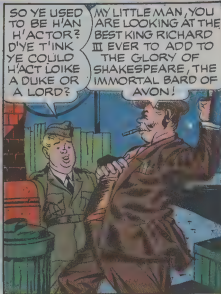
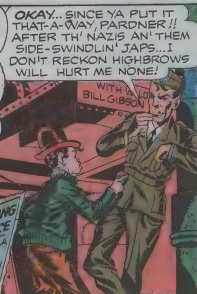
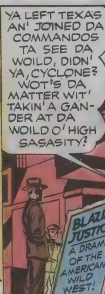
AND VE
VONDERED
IF
PERHAPS...

M'SIEU...
IS ZERE
NOZZING
WE CAN DO
TO HELP?





For
THE
REMAINDER
OF
THIS
DAY;
THE
BOY
COMMANDOS
ARE
VERY
BUSY
YOUNG
MEN!



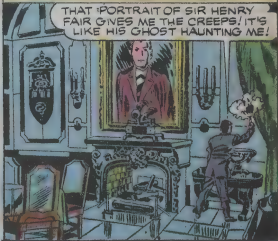
NEXT DAY... THE FACT THAT THE GREAT HOUSE AT BODKIN BORDERS IS UNSHUTTERED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MONTHS INTERESTS A YOUNG SECRET SERVICE OFFICER, JUST NOW IMPERSONATING A TROUT FISHERMAN...

LOOKS AS IF SOMETHING IS GOING TO BREAK AT LAST!

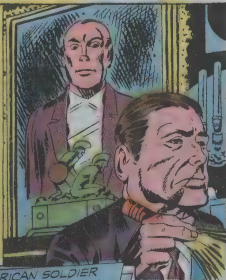


WITHIN THE HOUSE, A BOGUS BARONET IS PERFORMING THE DUTIES OF A WHOLE STAFF OF PARLOR MAIDS...

THAT PORTRAIT OF SIR HENRY FAIR GIVES ME THE CREEPS! IT'S LIKE HIS GHOST HAUNTING ME!



...and AMAZINGLY... AS TUTTBIDGE GOES ABOUT HIS WORK... THE EYES OF THE PAINTED PORTRAIT ROLL AND GLITTER IN THEIR SOCKETS... FOLLOWING HIM!

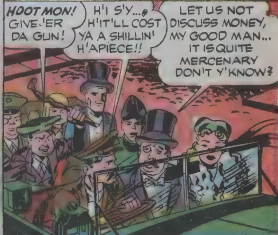


MEANWHILE, AT THE RAILROAD DEPOT, THE ONLY AVAILABLE HACK DRIVER IS OVERWHELMED WITH BUSINESS...

HOOT MON! GIVE 'ER DA GUN!

H'I S'Y... H'I'LL COST YA A SHILLIN' H'A PEECE!!

LET US NOT DISCUSS MONEY, MY GOOD MAN... IT IS QUITE MERCENARY DON'T Y'KNOW?



A YOUNG AMERICAN SOLDIER EMERGING BELATEDLY FROM A COMPARTMENT OF THE SAME TRAIN... IS LEFT WITHOUT CONVEYANCE!

WHAT A WEIRD CROWD... AND THEY'VE TAKEN THE ONLY CAB!



I GUESS I'LL WALK! GOLLY... IT'LL BE STRANGE MEETING DAD AFTER ALL THESE YEARS! I'LL HAVE TO WATCH MY MANNERS IN FRONT OF HIS TITLED FRIENDS!



LAST... BUT NOT LEAST... WE FIND CAPTAIN RIP CARTER SOMEWHAT SHAME-FACEDLY FOLLOWING THE TRAIL OF THE BOY COMMANDOS...

I HATE TO CHECK UP ON THE YOUNGSTERS... BUT IT'S A CINCH THEY'RE UP TO SOMETHING AND I DON'T WANT TO SEE THEM GET INTO TROUBLE...



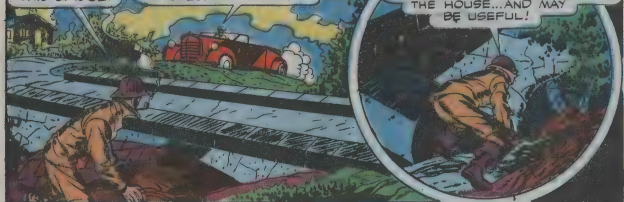
AS RIP'S CAR NEARS THE ESTATE

THE SECRET-SERVICE OPERATIVE FINDS MORE THAN A HIDING PLACE BENEATH THE BRIDGE...

I'D BETTER KEEP OUT OF SIGHT... PERHAPS I CAN HIDE UNDER THIS BRIDGE!

HMM...IT LOOKS SUSPICIOUS THE WAY THAT FELLOW IS SNEAKING AROUND! MAYBE IT'S A GOOD THING I'M HERE TO CHECK UP ON HIM!

WHAT'S THIS? IT'S EITHER A TUNNEL OR AN OLD DRAIN...AND IN EITHER CASE IT RUNS TOWARD THE HOUSE...AND MAY BE USEFUL!



'FOOTPRINTS! SOMEONE'S BEEN USING IT AS A TUNNEL! THE CHIEF WILL BE INTERESTED IN KNOWING THAT!'



SECRET STAIRWAYS...PASSAGES AND UNDERGROUND ROOMS--- BUILT IN THE OLD FEUDAL DAYS!



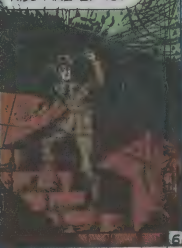
AT LAST...IT'S CLEAR! A SHORT WAVE **RADIO**...RIGHT ON THE PATH OF THE MYSTERIOUS RADIO BEAM THAT HAS BEEN LEADING NIGHT BOMBERS TO LONDON!

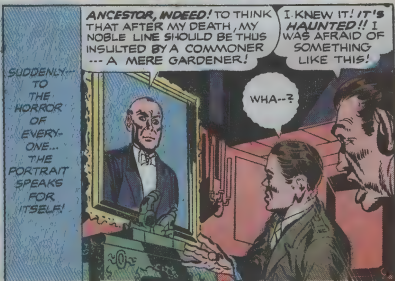
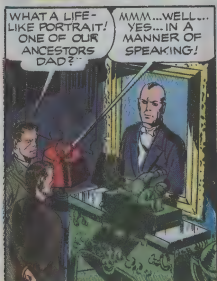
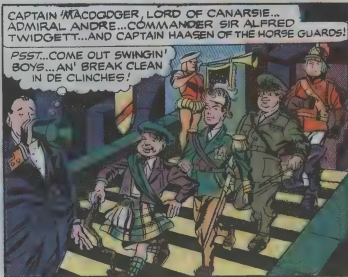
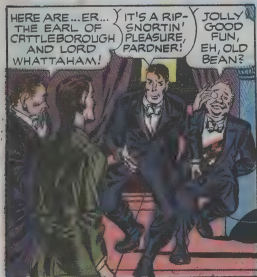
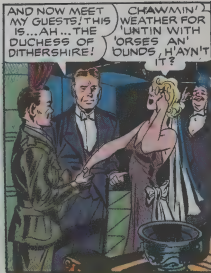
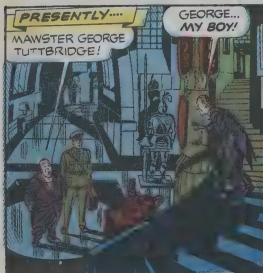
MOMENTS LATER..CAPTAIN CARTER ARRIVES ON THE SPOT.

WHICH WAY NOW? I'LL TRY THE STAIRS FIRST...



THERE OUGHT TO BE PEEP-HOLES IN THESE WALLS...I'D FEEL BETTER IF I COULD SEE WHAT THOSE KIDS ARE UP TO!





BEHIND THE PORTRAIT A SHADOWNY FIGURE CHUCKLES GLEEFULLY...WHILE CLOSING A SLIDING PANEL...

I COULDN'T RESIST GIVING TUTTBRIDGE AND HIS FRIENDS THAT SCARE...BUT I'VE STILL GOT TO GET RID OF THEM PERMANENTLY! I CAN'T HAVE THEM DRAWING ATTENTION TO THIS HOUSE!



SOMEONE IS COMING UP THE STAIRWAY! IT MIGHT BE BRUGA... BUT I TOLD HIM TO STAY BELOW!...IF IT'S ANOTHER INTRUDER...



TRESPASS IN A DEAD-MAN'S HOUSE, WILL YOU?



CAREFUL, RIP!

THERE SHOULD BE OPENINGS OR SLIDING PANELS IN THIS WALL... BUT WHERE?



IN THE SECRET CHAMBER BELOW, ANOTHER PERSON IS MAKING THE SAME MISTAKE OF BEING MORE INTERESTED IN OBJECTS NEAR AT HAND THAN IN THE POSSIBILITY OF DISCOVERY...

IT'S A FIND, ALL RIGHT...BUT MY JOB IS TO CATCH THE MEN WHO'VE BEEN OPERATING IT!



YOUR DAYS OF CATCHING PEOPLE ARE OVER!



SO IT IS THAT TWO WHO CAME TO BODKIN BORDERS IN SEARCH OF TROUBLE... FIND IT--AND ARE UNABLE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT!

THEIR SKULLS HAVE NOT THE HARDNESS OF OUR GERMAN SKULLS, HEINRICH! THEY SHOW NO SIGNS OF AWAKENING!

THERE IS NO REASON WHY THEY SHOULD EVER WAKE, BRUGA! THERE ARE SECRET CHAMBERS HERE THAT WOULD MAKE EXCELLENT TOMBS!



JUST TO MAKE SURE THEIR SLEEP IS PERMANENT...A LITTLE SALT IN THE ACID OF THESE STORAGE BATTERIES WILL GENERATE FATAL CHLORINE GAS!



BUT BEFORE WE DO ANYTHING ELSE, WE MUST DISPOSE OF THOSE LUNATICS UPSTAIRS, ALSO! THIS HOUSE IS TOO VALUABLE TO DER FUEHRER TO RISK HAVING ITS PURPOSE DISCOVERED!



IS THIS THE END OF THE ROAD FOR TWO GALLANT BRITISH OFFICERS? SWIFTLY THE ACRID FUMES OF THE DEADLY GAS SWIRL THROUGH THE ROOM...



AND NOW... LET US RETURN TO THE GREAT DRAWING ROOM, WHERE THE OMINOUS ACCENTS OF THE "TALKING PORTRAIT" HAVE SCARCELY CEASED TO ECHO...

IT'S NO USE! GEORGE...I HAVE A CONFESSION TO MAKE...

NON, M'SIEU...YOU MUST NOT! 'ZIS IS A TRICK WHICH WE SHALL EXPOSE IN A MOMENT!

H'I 'OPES THERE'S A LOUD-SPEAKER BE'IND IT... H'ID 'ATE TO BELIEVE IN GHOSTS!



BLIMEY! THERE'S NAWTHIN', BROOKLYN!

GOLLY!...I MEAN... HOOT MON! DERE MIGHT BE SOMETHIN' INSIDE DA FIREPLACE!



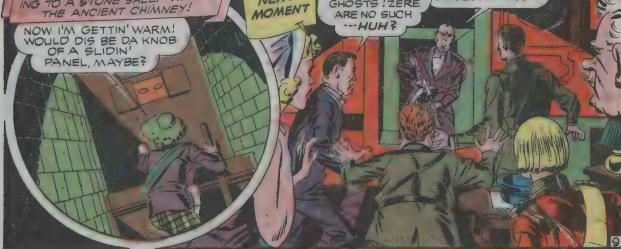
BROOKLYN FINDS A SOOT-BLACKENED IRON LADDER LEADING TO A STONE SHELF WITHIN THE ANCIENT CHIMNEY!

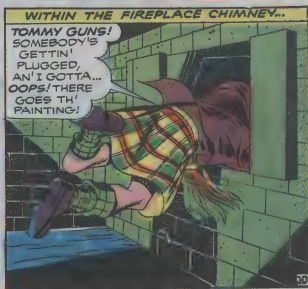
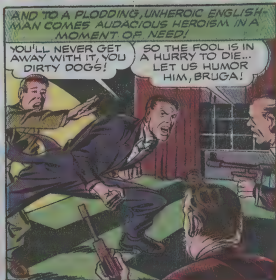
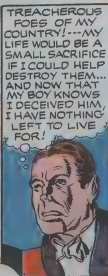
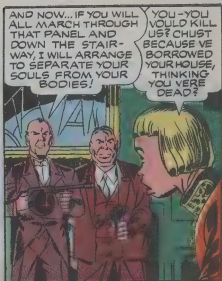
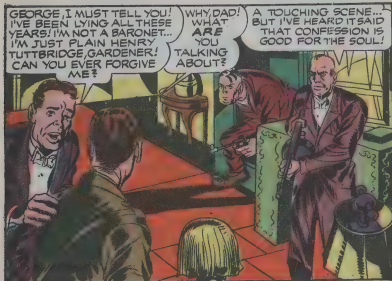
NOW I'M GETTIN' WARM! WOULD DIS BE DA KNOB OF A SLIDIN' PANEL, MAYBE?

The NEXT MOMENT

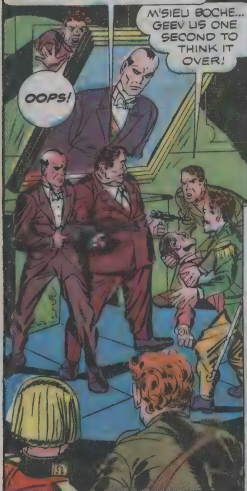
IT IS SILLY TO BELIEVE IN GHOSTS! ZERE ARE NO SUCH ---HUH?

NO GHOSTS? FOOLS! IDIOTS!!





WOULD YOU PREFER TO DIE IN THE COMPANY OF TWO BRITISH OFFICERS, NOW BREATHING GAS FUMES IN A ROOM AT THE END OF THE SECRET PASSAGE...OR WOULD YOU PREFER BULLETS HERE AND NOW?



M'SIEU BOCHE... GEEV US ONE SECOND TO THINK IT OVER!

ONE SECOND LATER...

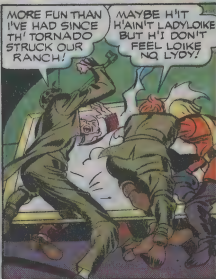


HOW'S DAT FER FRAMIN' 'EM?



MORE FUN THAN I'VE HAD SINCE TH' TORNADO STRUCK OUR RANCH!

MAYBE H'IT H'AIN'T LADYLOIKE BUT H'I DON'T FEEL LOIKE NQ LYDY!



'URRY! TWO BRITISH H' OFFICERS ARE DYIN', 'E SAID...AND WE'VE GOT TO SAVE 'EM!



DOT MOOST BE DER ROOM!

ALREADY I CAN SMELL ZE GAS!



RIP! HOW'D YOU GET HERE?

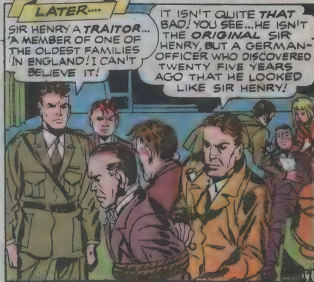
NEVER MIND... (COUGH) TAKE CARE OF OTHER FELLOW... (COUGH) AND GET OUT FAST!



LATER....

SIR HENRY A TRAITOR... A MEMBER OF ONE OF THE OLDEST FAMILIES IN ENGLAND! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

IT ISN'T QUITE THAT BAD! YOU SEE...HE ISN'T THE ORIGINAL SIR HENRY, BUT A GERMAN-OFFICER WHO DISCOVERED TWENTY FIVE YEARS AGO THAT HE LOOKED LIKE SIR HENRY!



AFTER SIR HENRY'S SUPPOSED RECENT DEATH, HIS LAWYERS FOUND EVIDENCE POINTING TO AN AMAZING FRAUD! THE SECRET SERVICE, WHICH SENT ME TO WATCH THIS HOUSE FINALLY HIT UPON THIS THEORY---

THE REAL BARONET DIED IN 1918 IN A HUN PRISON CAMP, AND A GERMAN OFFICER, WHO RESEMBLED HIM STRONGLY AND KNEW ENGLISH WELL, TOOK HIS PLACE! SIR HENRY HAD NO NEAR RELATIVES, SO IT WAS FAIRLY EASY WHEN THE IMPOSTER PRETENDED SHELL SHOCK HAD AFFECTED HIS MEMORY SOMEWHAT!

THINGS BECAME A LITTLE TOO DANGEROUS LATELY, SO THE BOGUS BARONET FAKED HIS OWN DEATH! WHEN THE HOUSE WAS CLOSED, HE RETURNED USING THE TUNNEL AND SECRET PASSAGES! IT MADE AN IDEAL SPY HEADQUARTERS AND RADIO STATION!

AND NOW I SUPPOSE THE TITLE AND THE PROPERTY REVERT TO THE CROWN?

THE FOLLOWING DAY...

BUT WHY ARE YE TAKIN' US TO A HOSPITAL, RIP? WE'RE 'ALE AND 'EARTY!

YOU WOULDN'T BE IF I'D REPORTED YOU FOR IMPERSONATING OFFICERS OF THE UNITED NATIONS!

BLIMEY!! IS HE GONNA H'OPERATE ON TH' POOR BLOCK WITH A SWORD?

QUIET! DON'T YOU SEE WHO IT IS?

...AND SO...I DUB YOU **SIR HENRY TUTTERRIDGE**, KNIGHT OF THE REALM, AND SEVENTEENTH BARONET OF BODKIN BORDERS, IN RECOGNITION OF YOUR DISTINGUISHED SERVICES TO ENGLAND!

THANK YOU, YOUR MAJESTY!

IT IS LIKE A FAIRY STORY! ZE LIE ZAT WORRIED HIM FOR TWENTY YEARS IS NOW ZE TRUTH!

AN'T A T'INK IT WAS ALL ME OWN IDEA!

JUST THE SAME, YOU WANT TO BE CAREFUL OF THOSE IDEAS! THE NEXT ONE MIGHT NOT RUN INTO SUCH GOOD LUCK!

THEY'RE TRICKY.... THEY'RE TOUGH.... THEY'RE TEMPESTUOUS... AND THEY'RE HUMAN! DON'T MISS THE **BOY COMMANDOS** AND **RIP CARTER** IN NEW **RIOTOUS, THRILLING ADVENTURES** IN EVERY ISSUE OF

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Accurate

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Have Been Banned For The
Duration—Every Family Needs
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98¢



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**The Windmill Forecaster Has Features
Found In Forecasters Costing Up To \$10.00**

The thermometer is guaranteed to be 100% accurate from 120° to 30° below zero. The amazing storm glass uses the same principle found in most expensive forecasters. When the weather is going to be fair, the crystals settle in the bottom of the tube—when rain or snow is predicted, the crystals rise to the top of the tube. It's so simple—yet virtually unfailling. This lovely "Swiss Windmill" Weather Forecaster is fashioned of handsome carved style Burwood—a masterpiece of craftsmanship—representing the colorful, rustic windmills of the Swiss landscape, with their weather-antiqued brown shingles, brightly gleaming red roof and latticed windmill blades... even the Swiss Alpine snow and the fir trees of the Alps are reproduced... with the quaint peasant clothes of the boy and girl shown in pleasing contrast to the flowers of the mountainside growing around the windmill steps. The "Swiss Windmill" adds a glowing, colorful, decorative note to any room in the house. As a weather prophet, you'll use it constantly!

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Each and every Swiss Weather House is guaranteed to please you and give years of satisfactory service, or your money will be cheerfully refunded. It really must be seen to be fully appreciated. We want you to examine it—test it for seven full days so that you can see for yourself that it actually works—all on our Iron-clad Money Back Guarantee of satisfaction. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just mail the coupon today. Pay the Postman only 98¢ plus postage and a small COD fee upon arrival. If it isn't all we claim, return it at the end of seven days and we'll refund your money in full.

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Dept. 980 54 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.

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Enclosed find 98¢. Please ship the Weather Forecaster, all postage charges prepaid.

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time to get those muscles?



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LET ME START SHOWING RESULTS FOR YOU

5 inches
of new
Muscle

"My arms increased $1\frac{1}{2}$ "
chest $2\frac{1}{2}$ " forearm $\frac{3}{4}$ "
—C. S., W. Va.

What a
difference!

"Have put $3\frac{1}{2}$ "
on chest (normal) and
 $2\frac{1}{2}$ " expanded."
—F. S., N. Y.

Here's what ATLAS
did for ME!



John Jacobs
BEFORE

John Jacobs
AFTER

For quick results
I recommend
**CHARLES
ATLAS**

"Am tending snapshot show-
ing wonderful progress."
—W. G., N. J.

GAINED
29
POUNDS

"When I started,
weighed only 141.
Now 170."
—T. K., N. Y.

**CHARLES
ATLAS**

Awarded the
title of "The
World's Most
Perfectly De-
veloped Man"
in interna-
tional con-
tests—in com-
petition
with ALL men
who would con-
stantly appear
against him.
This is a re-
cent photo of
Charles Atlas
showing how
he looks today.
This is not a
studio picture
but an actual
untouched
snapshot.



Here's What Only 15 Minutes a Day Can Do For You

I DON'T care how old or young you are,
or how ashamed of your present physical
condition you may be. If you can simply
raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID
MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm
—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes
a day—right in your own home—is all the
time I ask of you! And there's no cost if
I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen
your back, develop your whole muscular
system INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add
inches to your chest, give you a vice-like
grip, make those legs of yours lithe and
powerful. I can shoot new strength into
your old backbone, exercise those inner
organs, help you cram your body so full
of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that
you won't feel there's even "standing room"
left for weakness and that lazy feeling!
Before I get through with you I'll have your
whole frame "measured" to a nice, new,
beautiful suit of muscle!

What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension." That's the ticket!
The identical natural method that I myself
developed to change my body from the
scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was
at 17 to my present super-man physique!
Thousands of other fellows are becoming
marvelous physical specimens—my way. I
give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool

with. When you have learned to develop
your Strength through "Dynamic Ten-
sion" you can laugh at artificial muscle
makers. You simply utilize the DOR-
MANT muscle-power in your own God-
given body—watch it increase and
multiply—double-quick into real solid
LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—
will turn the trick for you. No theory
—every exercise is practical. And, man,
so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day
in your own home. From the very start
you'll be using my method of
"Dynamic Tension" almost un-
consciously every minute of the
day—walking, bending over, etc.
—to BUILD MUSCLE and
VITALITY.

FREE BOOK

"Everlasting Health and
Strength"

In it I talk to you in straight-from-
the-shoulder language. Packed with in-
spirational pictures of myself and pupils
—fellows who became NEW MEN in
strength, my way. Let me show you
what I believe I can do. See what I
can do for YOU! For a real thrill,
send for this book today. AT ONCE.
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East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

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I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension"
will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy,
husky body and big muscular development. Send me your
free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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